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CONTENTS.

I. NEWMAN AND ARNOLD. Part II., . . .	<i>Contemporary Review</i> , . . .	259
II. A LEGEND OF ANOTHER WORLD, . . .	<i>Macmillan's Magazine</i> , . . .	273
III. A "NATIONALIST" PARLIAMENT. By W. E. H. Lecky,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	283
IV. THE HAUNTED JUNGLE. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Chambers' Journal</i> ,	288
V. THREE ATTEMPTS TO RULE IRELAND JUSTLY,	<i>Nineteenth Century</i> ,	293
VI. HUMORS OF TRAVEL. Conclusion, . . .	<i>Temple Bar</i> ,	302
VII. THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD: A FIGHT FOR ART,	<i>Contemporary Review</i> ,	309
POETRY.		
FROM "L'ANNEE TERRIBLE,"	258	ON THE DAUGHTER OF MY FRIEND,
ALMOND-BLOSSOM,	258	
MISCELLANY,		320



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FROM "L'ANNEE TERRIBLE."

"Moi-même, un jour, après la mort, je connaîtrai."
VICTOR HUGO.

MYSELF shall one day, after death, be taught
My unknown destiny;
And bend o'er you from realms celestial,
fraught
With dawn and mystery.

Shall learn, why exiled; why a shroud was
thrown
Over your childhood's sense;
And why my justice and my love alone
To all seem an offence.

Shall learn why, as you gaily carolled songs,
O'er my funeral head, —
Mine, to whom pity for all woe belongs, —
Such gloomy darkness spread.

Why upon me the ruthless shadows lie;
Why all these hecatombs;
Why endless winter wraps me round; and why
I flourish over tombs.

Why such wars, tears, and misery should be;
Why things with grief replete;
Why God willed me to be a cypress-tree,
While you were roses sweet.

Blackwood's Magazine.

J. P. M.

ALMOND-BLOSSOM.

At last I draw the veil aside,
Come, darling, full of wifely pride,
And see my finished work;
Lift up those cloudless eyes of thine,
Deep wells of happiness divine,
Wherein no shadows lurk.

Look at the canvas. Dear, like thee,
My pictured maid is fair to see,
Like thine, her eyes are blue;
Like thine, the clusters of her hair
Wave golden on a forehead fair;
She looks, as thou art, true.

Like thee, she wears a robe of white,
Like thine, her smile, as sunshine bright,
Doth all her face illumine.
Thy perfect parallel, she stands
Loose-holding in her slender hands
A branch of almond-bloom.

Ah, wife! that tinted almond-flower!
Dost thou remember that dark hour
Of anguish, long ago,
When I, with all the world at strife,
Heart-sick of labor, tired of life,
Was vanquished by my woe?

Dost thou remember how I spake
Rash words of God, and tried to break
The spirit from the clay?
How now? Thy tears fall down like rain;
Thou wast the braver of the twain,
Dear heart, on that dark day.

The cold spring twilight filled the room,
I saw thee standing in the gloom,
Thy girlish cheek grown white;
The tears of pity in thine eyes,
Without a murmur of surprise,
Or tremor of affright.

And in thine hand an almond-spray;
God gave thee words of hope to say
To me in my dark hour;
I know not now what words they were,
I know I blessed thee, standing there,
Holding the almond-flower.

And when the storm was overpast,
And I could meet thine eyes at last,
Thy gentle hand laid down
As gage of hope, the almond spray,
So on life's dredest, dreariest day
I won love's golden crown.

And now the budding year doth bring
New hopes, like almond-flowers in spring,
That deck the branches bare;
Foretelling summer days to come,
The blossom-time of heart and home,
A perfect life and fair.

But lo! the picture — it is thine,
Love, let it be a sacred sign
Of all thou art to me:
Far more than wife, far more than love,
And only God in heaven above
Can pay my debt to thee!

All The Year Round.

"ON THE DAUGHTER OF MY FRIEND,
AT WHOSE FUNERAL I WAS YESTERDAY PRE-
SENT, IN THE CEMETERY OF PASSY, 16TH
JUNE, 1832."

"Il descend ce cercueil! et les roses sans taches."
CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE bier descends, strewn with the snow-white
rose,
A father's tribute in this tearful hour.
Earth, thou didst bear them: now in thee re-
pose
Young maiden and young flower!

Ne'er to this world profane let them return,
Where mourning, anguish, and misfortune
lower;
The storm doth crush, the sun doth fade and
burn
Young maiden and young flower!

Thou slumberest, poor Elise! Thy years how
few!
No more thou fearest the day's scorching
power:
Their morn hath closed, still fresh with heav-
enly dew, —
Young maiden and young flower!
Blackwood's Magazine. J. P. M.

From The Contemporary Review.
NEWMAN AND ARNOLD.

II.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.*

THE difference between the intellectual and moral atmospheres which seems to have been breathed by Newman and Arnold is so astonishing that one can hardly realize that, for sixty-four years at least, they have been, what they still are, contemporaries. Bunyan, whose "Pilgrim's Progress" was published in 1678, says of his dream: "I espied a little before me a cave, where two giants, Pope and Pagan, dwelt in old time, by whose power and tyranny the men whose bones, blood, ashes, etc., lay there, were cruelly put to death. But by this place Christian went without much danger, whereat I somewhat wondered; but I have learnt since that Pagan has been dead many a day; and as for the other, though he be yet alive, he is, by reason of age, and also of the many shrewd brushes that he met with in his younger days, grown so crazy and stiff in his joints, that he can now do little more than sit in his cave's mouth, grinning at pilgrims as they go by, and biting his nails because he cannot come at them." That appeared two hundred and eight years ago; and yet here have I been lecturing to you on one great man who has given in his hearty adhesion to one of these giants after years of meditative hesitation, while the second has been made captive — I will not say by the other giant risen from the grave, for I heartily admit that much of Mr. Arnold's spirit is distinctively Christian — but at least by a successor who has in him more, I think, of Pagan, than of Bunyan's Christian lore. What a curious light is this on Mr. Arnold's doctrine of the *Zeitgeist*, the "time-spirit," which he so much admires. In lecturing to you in this place on Butler, he said of the "Analogy:" "The great work on which such immense praise has been lavished is, for all real intents and purposes now, a failure; it does not serve. It seemed once to have a spell and a power; but the *Zeitgeist* breathes

upon it, and we rub our eyes, and it has the spell and the power no longer." And in another place he has said: "The Spirit of Time is a personage for whose operations I have the greatest respect; whatever he does is in my opinion of the greatest effect." Well, is it so very great after all? The *Zeitgeist* breathed upon Bunyan and made him believe that paganism was dead forever, and the papacy in its dotage. It breathes upon us in the nineteenth century, and while some of its children rub their eyes, and find that Giant Pope is the true sponsor for revelation after all, others of them rub their eyes, and find that Giant Pagan is still in his youth; that there is indeed no revelation, and that Christianity, so far as it is true at all, is a truth of human nature, not of theology. To my mind the *Zeitgeist* is a will-o'-the-wisp, who misleads us at least as much he enlightens. In the scene on the Brocken in Goethe's "Faust," the will-o'-the-wisp, when ordered by Mephistopheles — who also, we may remember, has the greatest admiration for the *Zeitgeist* — to conduct them to the summit, replies: —

So deep my awe, I trust I may succeed
My fickle nature to repress indeed;
But zigzag is my usual course, you know.

And that, I think, might very justly be said of Mr. Arnold's time-spirit. Its usual course is zigzag. It breathes on us, and we can no longer see a truth which was clear yesterday. It breathes again, and like invisible ink held to the fire, the truth comes out again in all its brightness. However, the drift of all this is, that Mr. Arnold, while he sees much which Cardinal Newman has neglected, has certainly neglected much which Cardinal Newman sees, till they seem to live in worlds as different as their countenances. On the one countenance are scored the indelible signs of what a great Jewish prophet calls "the Lord's controversy;" on the other, whose high, benignant brow rises smooth and exulting above a face of serene confidence, there sits the exhilaration which speaks of difficulties surmounted and a world that is either fast coming, or in the thinker's opinion must soon come, over to his side. Mr. Arnold is a master of

* Read to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution on 19th February, 1886.

the grand style. He has the port of a great teacher. He derives from his father, the reformer of Rugby, that energy of purpose which makes itself felt in a certain authority of tone. You would never dream of applying to him Wordsworth's fine lines, —

The intellectual power through words and things

Goes sounding on its dim and perilous way.

Rather would his churches — for in some sense Mr. Arnold may be said to have churches of his own — quote the famous line —

Nil desperandum Teucro duce, auspice Teucro.

He has succeeded in almost becoming himself what he has delineated in Goethe:

For he pursued a lonely road,

His eyes on Nature's plan:

Neither made man too much a God,

Nor God too much a man.

Certainly Mr. Arnold has not fallen into the latter error, whether into the former or not. He seems to have no doubts or difficulties in steering his course. He can eviscerate the Bible, and restore its meaning with the supernatural personality excluded. He can show you how to evolve the Decalogue from the two primitive instincts of human nature. He can reconcile Isaiah with the time-spirit, and teach us to read him with exceptional delight. He can show the Puritans what they might gain from the children of Athens, and the Athenian spirit wherever it still exists, what it should learn from the Puritans. Take up the volume of his "Prose Passages" — and I know no book fuller of fascinating reading — and you will find in it the rebukes which cultivated Germany administers to English Philistines, the rebukes which conservative good taste addresses to rash reformers, and the rebukes which brooding self-knowledge delivers to superficial politicians. You will learn there how Ireland would have been dealt with by statesmen who dive beneath the surface; and even how helpless and impotent is popular foreign policy in the hands of a minister guided by middle-class opinion. And when you have learned from his prose how keen and shrewd he is as

an observer of the phenomena of his day, you may turn to his poetry, and lose yourself in wonder at the truth and delicacy of his vision, the purity of his sympathies, the mellow melancholy of his regret, and the irrepressible elation which underlies even that regret itself. I think him so very great a poet that I will keep what I have to say on his poetry to the last; but I must begin by referring to his more direct teaching, and especially to that teaching which implicitly accepts from science the exhortation to believe nothing which does not admit of complete verification, and which is intended to find for our age a truly scientific substitute for the theology of which the breath of the *Zeitgeist* has robbed us.

We must remember, then, that though Mr. Arnold proposes to demonstrate for us the truthfulness and power of the Bible, he commences by giving up absolutely the assumption that there is any Divine being who thinks and loves revealed in the Bible — a proposition for which he does not consider that there is even "a low degree of probability." One naturally asks, "Well, then, what remains that can be of any use?" Does not the Bible profess, from its opening to its close, to be the revelation of a Being who thinks about man and loves him, and who, because he thinks about man and loves him, converses with him, manifests to him his own nature as well as man's true nature, and insists "thou shalt be holy because I am holy." Mr. Arnold, however, is not at all staggered by this. He holds that "we very properly and naturally make" God a being who thinks and loves "in the language of feeling;" but this is an utterly unverifiable assumption, without even a low degree of probability. So that why we may "properly and naturally" mislead ourselves by "language of feeling" so very wide of any solid ground of fact, I cannot imagine. We have always reproached the idolators, as Israel represented them, with worshipping a God who is nothing in the world but the work of men's hands, the cunning workmanship of a carver in wood or stone. But why is it more proper or natural to attribute, in the language of feeling, false attributes to

"the stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," than it is to attribute, in the language of feeling, false attributes to the graven images of an idol-founder? However, this is Mr. Arnold's contention, though at other times he is ready to admit that whenever emotion has been powerfully excited by supposed knowledge, and when that supposed knowledge turns out to be illusion, the emotion will disappear with the disappearance of our belief in the assumptions which we had formerly accepted. I should have thought that this would apply to the Bible, and that if ever we could be convinced that there is not even a low degree of probability for the conviction that God is a being who thinks and loves, all the emotions excited by the innumerable passages in which he is revealed as such a being, would die away and be extinguished. But this is not Mr. Arnold's view. On the contrary he holds that,

starting from what may be verified about God—that He is the Eternal which makes for righteousness—and reading the Bible with this idea to govern us, we have here the elements for a religion more solid, serious, awe-inspiring, and profound, than any which the world has yet seen. True, it will not be just the same religion which prevails now; but who supposes that the religion now current can go on always, or ought to go on? Nay, and even of that much-decried idea of God as the *stream of tendency in which all things seek to fulfil the law of their being*, it may be said with confidence that it has in it the elements of a religion, new indeed, but in the highest degree serious, hopeful, solemn, and profound.

It has always puzzled me very much to make out why Mr. Arnold should think, or say, that it is in any sense "verifiable," in his acceptance of that word, that the power which makes for righteousness is "eternal." But I believe, from a passage in "Literature and Dogma" (p. 61), that he really means by "eternal" nothing more than "enduring," and by "enduring," enduring in the history of man; so that the verifiable proposition which he takes as the foundation of a new religion is after all nothing more than this, that so far as history gives evidence at all, there has always been hitherto, since man ap-

peared upon the earth, a stream of tendency which made for righteousness. Nevertheless, if the earth came to an end, and there be, as Mr. Arnold apparently inclines to believe, no life for man beyond his life on earth, then the enduring stream of tendency would endure no longer, and "the eternal" would, so far as it was verifiable, sink back into a transitory and extinct phenomenon of the terrestrial past. Well, then, so far as the Bible holds true at all in Mr. Arnold's mind, we must substitute uniformly for the God who there reveals and declares himself and his love, a being who cannot either declare himself or feel, in our sense, the love which he is said to declare; one who must be discovered by man, instead of discovering himself to man, and who, when discovered, is nothing but a more or less enduring tendency to a certain deeper and truer mode of life, which we call righteous life. No wonder that "the religion in the highest degree serious, hopeful, solemn, and profound," to which Mr. Arnold hopes to convert the world, does not always appear, even to himself, either hopeful or solid. For example, in one of the most beautiful of his poems, "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," he explains, in a very different tone from that of the passage I have just quoted from "Literature and Dogma" (and I think a much more suitable and appropriate tone), how helpless and crippled his religious position really is, and how it came to pass that in visiting the home of one of the austere monastic orders he could feel a certain passion of regret without either much sympathy or much hope:—

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimmed its fire,
Showed me the high, white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire.
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:
What dost thou in this living tomb?

Forgive me, masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearned, so much resigned—
I come not here to be your foe!
I seek these anchorites, not in rith,
To curse and to deny your truth;

Not as their friend, or child, I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand,

Thinking of his own gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe, might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone—
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead,
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride—
I come to shed them at their side.

In his poetry Mr. Arnold is often frank enough, as he certainly is here. In his prose he will not admit that the Church to which he looks as the Church of the future is "powerless to be born." But powerless to be born it is; a "stream of tendency," more or less enduring, which cannot even reveal itself, is not a power to excite emotion of any depth at all, unless it represents not only a tendency, but a purpose. Religion, says Mr. Arnold, is "morality touched with emotion." But surely morality cannot be "touched with emotion" without reason, or at least excuse, for the emotion it is to excite. And yet this is what Mr. Arnold's language seems to point at. In one of his American lectures he appears to say that the emotions will remain even though the objects which properly excite them disappear; and in another passage of the same lecture he appears to intimate that even the very same thought may be so expressed as either to excite emotion or not to excite it, the difference between the two modes of expression being, except in its actual effect, quite undiscernible. But if religion depends on an accident of that kind, religion is an accident itself. An intention to make for righteousness rightly excites emotion, but a tendency and an intention are different. Plague, pestilence, and famine, in God's hands, have often made for righteousness. But without faith in God, plague, pestilence, and famine are more likely to touch immorality with emotion than to touch morality with it.

How, then, is Mr. Arnold to conjure up the emotion which certainly does not seem to be naturally radiated from this more or less enduring "stream of tendency?" He strives to excite it by disclosing to us the promise of *life*, which is implicit in all conformity to this "stream of tendency;" for life is the word which, in Mr. Arnold's teaching, takes the place of faith. He values Christ's teaching because he says that it discloses the true secret of *life*—because it discloses a new life for the world, even after faith (as we understand it) is dead. This is the prom-

ise which he makes his favorite thinker, M. de Senancour, better known as the author of "*Obermann*," address to him:

Though more than half thy years be past,
And spent thy youthful prime;
Though, round thy firmer manhood cast,
Hang weeds of our sad time,

Whereof thy youth felt all the spell,
And traversed all the shade—
Though late, though dimmed, though weak,
yet tell
Hope to a world new made!

Help it to fill that deep desire,
The want which racked our brain,
Consumed our heart with thirst like fire,
Immedicable pain;

Which to the wilderness drove out
Our life, to Alpine snow,
And palsied all our word with doubt,
And all our work with woe.

What still of strength is left, employ
That end to help attain:
*One common wave of thought and joy
Lifting mankind again!*

And that is the purpose to which Matthew Arnold has devoted what we may call his quasi-theological writings; in other words, his writings produced to show that we may get all the advantages of theology without the theology—which we can and must do without. This new teaching is that which Tennyson has so tersely and finely expressed in "*The Two Voices*:"

'Tis life, whereof our nerves are scant;
Oh life, not death, for which we pant:
More life, and fuller, that I want.

To the same effect Arnold quotes M. de Senancour: "The aim for men is to augment the feeling of joy, to make our expansive energy bear fruit, and to combat in all thinking beings the principle of degradation and misery." And Mr. Arnold's new version of Christianity promises us this life. "The all-ruling effort to live" is identical, he says, with "the desire for happiness," and this craving for life is, he asserts, sanctioned by Christ in the saying, "I am come that men might have *life*, and might have it more abundantly; and ye will not come to me that ye may have *life*." I had always thought this a promise of life given by a being in whose hands is the power to bestow it. Not so Mr. Arnold. This power of attaining life, and attaining it in greater abundance, is, he declares, a mere natural secret which Christ had discovered, and which any man may rediscover for himself. It is a method of obtaining life, of obtaining

"exhilaration." Indeed, exhilaration is, says Mr. Arnold, one of the greatest qualities of the Hebrew prophets. And this exhilaration is attainable by a merely natural process — namely, the renunciation by man of the superficial and temporary self, in favor of the deeper and permanent self. In "Literature and Dogma" Mr. Arnold has explained "the secret of Jesus," the true secret, as he holds, for riding buoyantly upon

That common wave of thought and joy,
Lifting mankind again.

We are there told that the essence of Christianity is not the possession of supernatural life flowing from the love or gift of a supernatural being, but is simply the use of a natural secret of the wise heart. The secret is conveyed in Christ's promise: "He that loveth his life shall lose it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal. Whosoever would come after me, let him renounce himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me." Christ's method, he says,

directed the disciple's eye inward, and set his consciousness to work; and the first thing his consciousness told him was that he had two selves pulling him different ways. Till we attend, till the method is set at work, it seems as if "the wishes of the flesh and of the current thoughts" (Eph. ii. 3) were to be followed as a matter of course; as if an impulse to do a thing means that we should do it. But when we attend we find that an impulse to do a thing is really in itself no reason at all why we should do it, because impulses proceed from two sources quite different, and of quite different degrees of authority. St. Paul contrasts them as the inward man and the man in our members; the mind of the flesh and the spiritual mind. Jesus contrasts them as life properly so named and life in this world. And the moment we seriously attend to conscience, to the suggestions which concern practice and conduct, we can see plainly enough from which source a suggestion comes, and that the suggestions from one source are to overrule suggestions from the other. (Literature and Dogma, pp. 201-2.) The breaking of the sway of what is commonly called oneself, ceasing our concern with it, and leaving it to perish, is not, he (*i.e.*, Jesus Christ) said, being thwarted or crossed, but *living*. And the proof of this is that it has the character of life in the highest degree — the power of going right, hitting the mark, succeeding. That is, it has the character of happiness, and happiness is for Israel the same thing as having the Eternal with us — seeing the salvation of God. (Literature and Dogma, p. 203.)

Now, surely it is hardly justifiable for

Mr. Arnold, in describing the "secret of Jesus," to substitute for the words of Jesus words of his own so very different in tone and meaning from those in which that secret was first disclosed. Where does our Lord ever say that the evidence of spiritual life is in the consciousness it gives us of *hitting the mark, of succeeding*? If we are to take our Lord's secret, let us take it in his own language, not in Mr. Arnold's. Turn then to his own language, and what do we find? We find, "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." Does that mean the same thing as, for they shall have the joy of feeling that they have "hit the mark, that they have succeeded?" Again, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." Does that mean the same as "for they shall feel that they have attained true success?" "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad, for great is your reward in heaven." Does that mean the same as, "The more you are persecuted and maligned, the greater is your reward on earth, no matter whether there be any world beyond this or not?" Yet that is what Mr. Arnold tries to make it mean in order to reconcile his interpretation of the "secret of Jesus" with the actual words of Jesus. I believe that Mr. Arnold misreads even the language of the conscience when he makes it say that as we advance in our development we become aware "of two lives, one permanent and impersonal, the other transient and bound to our contracted self; he becomes aware of two selves, one higher and real, the other inferior and apparent; and that the instinct in him truly to live, the desire for happiness, is served by following the first self and not the second." (Last Essays on Church and Religion, pp. 116-117.) What we really become aware of is, that behind the loud-voiced, strenuous, well-established self of our lower nature, there is growing up a faint, embryo, struggling, nobler self, without strength, without permanence; but that on the side of that self there pleads another and higher power, offering us, if we listen to the nobler voice, infinite prospects of a new world of communion, a new buoyancy, a new career. It is not the nobler self which is, as Mr. Arnold says, strong and permanent. Nothing can be weaker or more fitful. But the promise is, that if we give ourselves to the weak and fitful but nobler voice, our doing so will bring

us into direct communion with one who is really strong, who is really permanent, who is really eternal; not merely what Mr. Arnold means by eternal — namely, *more or less enduring*. I take it that "the secret of Jesus" is wholly misinterpreted if its promise of a communion between the weaker but nobler self and the eternal source of life and light be ignored. It falls in that case from the secret of Jesus to the secret of Matthew Arnold. Now "the secret of Jesus" is life indeed. The secret of Matthew Arnold is only better than death, because it gives its suffrage on the right side, but with the right suffrage fails to connect the promise and the earnest of joy with which Jesus Christ connected it. I think every reasonable reader of the Bible must perceive that if this promise of permanent joy in an eternal love is not true, the whole chain of Hebrew prophecy is false and misleading, from the time of Abraham to the death of St. Paul.

But then Mr. Arnold will turn upon me with his demand for verification: Can the promise be verified? "Experience proves that whatever for men is true, men can verify." I should answer, certainly it is verifiable in a sense even truer and higher than that in which Mr. Arnold's own *rationale* of the moral secret, which he misnames the secret of Jesus, is verifiable. Even Mr. Arnold admits that his interpretation of the secret of Jesus has not always been verified.

People may say [he tells us] they have not got this sense that their instinct to live is served by loving their neighbors; they may say that they have, in other words, a dull and uninformed conscience. But that does not make the experience less a true thing, the real experience of the race. Neither does it make the sense of this experience to be, any the less, genuine conscience. And it is genuine conscience, because it apprehends what does really serve our instinct to live, or desire for happiness. And when Shaftesbury supposes the case of a man thinking vice and selfishness to be truly as much for his advantage as virtue and benevolence, and concludes that such a case is without remedy, the answer is, "Not at all; let such a man get conscience, get right experience." And if the man does not, the result is not that he goes on just as well without it; the result is, that he is lost. (Last Essays on Church and Religion, pp. 115, 116.)

Well, if that is what Mr. Arnold means by verification, I think that it is easy to show that there is a much more perfect verification for the ordinary and natural interpretation of "the secret of Jesus" than for his mutilated interpretation of it.

If it is verification to appeal to the best experience of the best, to the growing experience of those who have most intimately studied the various discipline of life, who can doubt what the reply must be to the question, Does experience testify to the self-sufficiency and adequacy to itself of what Mr. Arnold calls the permanent and higher self, or rather to its growing sense of inadequacy and dependence, and to its constant reference to that higher life in communion with which it lives? I do not hesitate to say that Mr. Arnold's mutilated interpretation of "the secret of Jesus," which omits indeed the very talisman of the whole, will receive no confirmation at all from the higher experience of the race, which testifies to nothing more persistently than this, that growing humility and the deepest possible sense of the dependence of the nobler self on communion with a righteous being external to it, is the unailing experience of those in whom the nobler self is most adequately developed. Mr. Arnold's *rationale* of what he erroneously terms the "more permanent" and "stronger" self — but what experience proves to be indeed a very variable and very weak self, leaning on constant communion with another for its strength — is a mutilation of the true experience of man as delivered by the Bible, from Genesis to Revelation. Take the Psalmist: "Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none upon earth I desire in comparison with thee. My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever." Take Isaiah: "Woe is me, for I am undone; because I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips; for mine eyes have seen the King, the Lord of hosts." Take St. Paul: "I was with you in weakness, and in fear, and in much trembling. And my speech and my preaching was not with enticing words of man's wisdom, but in demonstration of the spirit and of power: that your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God." It is impossible to find in the Bible anything like a reference to the permanent and stronger self which asserts itself in us. The testimony is always to a nobler but weaker self, which leans on the sustaining grace of God. Well, but says Mr. Arnold in opposing Bishop Butler's view that the most we can hope for in this life is to escape from misery and not to obtain happiness, — in this contention Butler goes counter not only to the most intimate, "the most sure, the

most irresistible instinct of human nature," but also "to the clear voice of our religion." "Rejoice and give thanks," exhorts the Old Testament. "Rejoice evermore," exhorts the New. That is most true, but what is the ground of these constant exhortations in both Old Testament and New? Surely not the strength and depth of the life, even the higher life, in man, but, on the contrary, the largeness and generosity of the succor granted to the righteous by God. On what, for instance, is grounded the injunction which Mr. Arnold quotes from the Old Testament? On this, that "the Lord hath done marvellous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath wrought salvation for him." And again on this, that "the Lord hath made known his salvation; his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the nations." Can Mr. Arnold justify such a ground for rejoicing as that, on the lips of any one who disbelieves altogether in a God who "thinks and loves"? Again, what is the context of the injunction, taken from the New Testament? "Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks: *for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.*" The ground of rejoicing is a will—a will which is equally made the ground of prayer; without the ground for praying there could be no ground for rejoicing. Without a *known* will of God there could be neither the one nor the other. And it is the humility which recognizes the strength, external to its own, which is the source at once of the joy and the prayer. The life which is so abundantly promised throughout the Bible is indeed not natural life, as Mr. Arnold explains it, but what we are more accustomed to call *grace*; the life poured in from outside.

Nor, indeed, can I understand how Mr. Arnold's explanation can hold at all, without this supernatural source of strength and joy. When Mr. Arnold says that it is the "permanent" and "stronger" self which conquers, and gives us life by the conquest, is it inappropriate to ask, *how* permanent, and *how* strong? Suppose, as has often happened, that the deeper and nobler self suggests a course which involves instant death, where is the permanence? Mr. Arnold will hear nothing of the promise of immortality. That is to him *Aberglaube*, over-belief, belief in excess of the evidence. In some of his most exquisite lines he speaks of death as the

Stern law of every mortal lot
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,
And builds himself, I know not what
Of second life, I know not where.

So that he guarantees us assuredly no *permanence* for the nobler self. And then as to *strength*; is the nobler self strong enough to endure the hard conditions which are often imposed on us by our best acts—the slander and persecution to which we expose ourselves, the misery which we bring on ourselves? The answer of the Bible is plain enough: no, it is not; but you may rely on the grace promised to the weakest, if you comply with the admonitions of that grace. Mr. Arnold can make no such reply. Unless the nobler self is intrinsically also the stronger self, in his opinion you are lost. It seems to me, then, that the injunction to "rejoice and give thanks," the injunction to "rejoice evermore," cannot be justified except in connection with a trust in One who can give us real succor from without, under the prospect of certain death, and the still more certain collapse of human powers in the presence of great trials and temptations.

In a word, the faith taught by revelation is not, as Mr. Arnold himself admits, Mr. Arnold's faith. The former is intended to awaken and discipline a group of genuine *affections*, using the word in the same sense—though in the same sense raised to a higher plane of life—as we use it of the human affections. Read the Psalms, and you will find in them the germs of all the affections generated in his disciples by Christ's own teaching; the shame, the grief, the remorse, the desolation, the hope, the awe, the love in its highest sense, which human beings feel in the presence of a human nature, holier, deeper, richer, stronger, nobler than their own, when they have sinned against it, and are conscious of its displeasure, its retributive justice, its joy in human repentance, and its forgiveness. The whole drift of revelation is to excite these affections, to make us feel the divine passion which our human passions elicit, to reach the deepest fountain of our tears, and to fill us with that joy which, however deep, is all humility and all gratitude, because its source is the love of another, and not the strength or buoyancy of our own life. Well, this is not, and could not be, Mr. Arnold's religion. In his expurgated Bible, the affections in this sense have to be omitted. He tells us quite plainly that the facts—or, as he

calls them, "the supposed facts" — by which the religious affections have been fostered in us are illusions, that our religion is nothing in the world but the culture of that ideal life which man has happily a tendency to develop. These are his words: —

The future of poetry is immense, because in poetry, where it is worthy of its high destinies, our race, as time goes on, will find an ever surer and surer stay. There is not a creed which is not shaken, not an accredited dogma which is not shown to be questionable, not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve. Our religion has materialized itself in the fact — in the supposed fact; it has attached its emotion to the fact, and now the fact is failing it. But for poetry the idea is everything; the rest is a world of illusion — of divine illusion. Poetry attaches its emotion to the idea; the idea *is* the fact.

Well, if that be so, the emotion which Mr. Arnold insists on, in order to transform morality into religion, becomes a very mild and æsthetic kind of emotion indeed; not one which can penetrate the sinner's heart with anguish, not one which can irradiate the penitent's heart with gratitude. Imagine the changes which you must make in the language of the Psalmist to empty it of what Mr. Arnold calls belief in "the supposed fact," and to conform the emotions to that which is attached to "the idea" alone: —

Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities. Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy holy spirit from me. Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free spirit. . . . O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall show forth thy praise. For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering. The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Take the divine illusion, as Mr. Arnold calls it, out of this, and how much of "the emotion" requisite for religion would remain? Has he not himself told us? —

That gracious Child, that thorn-crown'd Man!
— He lived while we believed.

While we believed, on earth he went,
And open stood his grave.
Men called from chamber, church, and tent;
And Christ was by to save.

Now he is dead! Far hence he lies
In the lorn Syrian town;
And on his grave, with shining eyes,
The Syrian stars look down.

In vain men still, with hoping new,
Regard his death-place dumb,
And say the stone is not yet to,
And wait for words to come.

Ah, o'er that silent sacred land,
Of sun, and arid stone,
And crumbling wall, and sultry sand,
Sounds now one word alone!

From David's lips that word did roll,
'Tis true and living yet:
*No man can save his brother's soul,
Nor pay his brother's debt.*

Alone, self-pois'd, henceforward man
Must labor! — must resign
His all too human creeds, and scan
Simply the way divine.

Well, then, where is the "emotion" with which "morality" must be touched, in order to transform it into religion, to come from? Mr. Arnold makes no answer, — except that it must be emotion excited by ideas alone, and not by supposed facts, which, as he says, will not stand the tests of scientific verification.

But with regard to that asserted demand of science for verification, let me just make one final observation; that in the sense in which Mr. Arnold uses it, to explode all belief in light coming to us from a mind higher than our own, it equally explodes belief in the authority of those suggestions of the deeper self to which what he calls the "secret of Jesus" teaches us to defer. For why are we to obey them? Mr. Arnold replies simply, human *experience* teaches us that it adds to our life, to our happiness, to the vitality of our true and permanent self, to do so. But how are we to get the verification without trying both the wrong way and the right? You cannot found on mere experience *without* the experience. And does, then, the way to virtue lead through sin alone? Mr. Arnold guards himself by saying that some "finely touched" souls have "the *presentiment*" of how it will be — a presentiment, I suppose, derived by evolution from the experience of ancestors. But is it a duty, then, to found your actions on those obscure intimations which your ancestors' experience may have transmitted to you? Should you not test your ancestors' experience for yourself before adopting it? Should you not sin in order to be sure that sin saps your true life and diminishes your fund of happiness? I fear there is nothing for Mr. Arnold but to admit that this is not sin — that *trying* evil in order to be sure it *is* evil, is not forbidden by any law, if there be no spiritual nature higher than man's, which

lays its yoke upon us, and subdues us into the attitude of reverence and awe. The principle which Mr. Arnold calls "verification" is in reality fatal to all purity. It makes experience of evil the ground of good. For myself, I believe that there is enough verification for the purposes of true morality in the recognition, without the test of experience, of the higher character of the nature confronted with our own; and that we may learn the reality of revelation, the reality of a divine influence which should be a law to us, and rebellion against which is, in the deepest sense, sin, without trying the effect of that rebellion, without making proof of both the alternatives before us. The life even of the truest human affections is one long protest against the principle that you can know nothing without what is termed experiment and verification in the scientific sense of the word. What creature which has learned to love, tries the effect of piercing the heart of another before it learns to reject that course as treachery? Revelation, as I understand it, is an appeal to the human affections—a divine discipline for them. It no more demands experiment and verification, in the scientific sense which men try to foist so inappropriately into our moral life, than a parent would think of demanding from his child that, in order to be sure that his wishes and commands are wise, the child should make experiments in disobedience, and only conform to his father's injunctions after he had learned by a painful experience that these experiments had ended in pain and discomfort.

In insisting on the striking, I might almost say the dismaying, contrast between the great Oxford leader, whose whole mind has been occupied with theological convictions from his earliest years of Oxford life to the present day, and the Oxford leader who has avowed himself unable to see even a slender probability that God is a being who thinks and loves, I said that I hoped to do something to attenuate the paradox before I had done. This is probably the right place to say a few words on the subject, for undoubtedly it is the assumption running through Mr. Arnold's theoretical writings, that no belief is trustworthy which has not what he calls the verification of experience to sustain it, to which we owe his repudiation of all theology. Undoubtedly, the twenty years or so by which he is Cardinal Newman's junior made an extraordinary difference in the intellectual atmosphere of Oxford, and of the English world of let-

ters outside Oxford, during the time at which a thoughtful man's mind matures. Mr. Arnold was not too late at Oxford to feel the spell of Dr. Newman, but his mind was hardly one to feel the whole force of that spell, belonging as his mind does, I think, rather to the stoical than to the religious school—the school which magnifies self-dependence, and regards serene calm, not passionate worship, as the highest type of the moral life. And he was at Oxford too late, I think, for the full experience of the limits within which alone the scientific conception of life can be said to be true. A little later, men came to see that scientific methods are really quite inapplicable to the sphere of moral truth—that the scientific assumption that whatever is true can be verified, is, in the sense of the word "verification" which science applies, a very serious blunder, and that such verification as we can get of moral truth is of a very different, though I will not scruple to say a no less satisfactory, kind, from that which we expect to get of scientific truth. Mr. Arnold seems to me to have imbibed the prejudices of the scientific season of blossom, when the uniformity of nature first became a kind of gospel, when the "Vestiges of Creation" was the book in vogue, when Emerson's and Carlyle's imaginative scepticism first took hold of cultivated Englishmen, and Mr. Froude published the sceptical tales by which his name was first known amongst us. Mr. Arnold betrays the immovable prejudices by which his intellectual life is overridden in a hundred forms; for example, by the persistency with which he remarks that the objection to miracles is that they do not happen, the one criticism which I venture to say no one who had taken pains to study evidence in the best accredited individual cases, not only in ancient but in modern times, would choose to repeat. And again, he betrays it by the pertinacity with which he assumes that you can verify the secret of self-renunciation, the secret of Jesus, in the same sense in which you can verify the law of gravitation, one of the most astounding and I think false assumptions of our day. I make bold to say that no one ever verified the secret of self-renunciation yet, or ever even wished to verify it, who had not assumed the moral obligation it involves, before even attempting a verification; while with the law of gravitation it is quite different; we believe it solely because it has been verified, or, in the case of the discoverer, because evidence was before him that it

might very probably be verified. But though Mr. Arnold's mind is of the stoical rather than the religious type, and though certain premature scientific assumptions, which were in vogue before the limits of the region in which the uniformity of nature has been verified, had been at all carefully defined, run through all his theoretical writings, it is nevertheless true that his whole intellectual strength has been devoted to sustaining, I cannot say the cause of religion — for I do not think his constant cry for more emotion in dealing with morality has been answered — but the cause of good, the cause of noble conduct, and in exalting the elation of duty, the rapture of righteousness. Allow for his prepossessions — his strangely obstinate prepossessions — and he remains still a figure on which we can look with admiration. We must remember that, with all the scorn which Matthew Arnold pours on the trust we place in God's love, he still holds to the conviction that the tendency to righteousness is a power on which we may rely even with *rapture*. Israel, he says, took "his religion in rapture, because he found for it an evidence irresistible. But his own words are the best: 'Thou, O Eternal, art the thing that I *long* for, thou art my hope, even from my youth; through thee have I been *holden up* ever since I was born; there is nothing *sweeter* than to take heed unto the commandments of the Eternal. The Eternal is my strength; my heart has trusted in him, and I am *helped*; therefore my heart *danceth for joy*, and in my song I will *praise* him.'" (Literature and Dogma, p. 319.) And Mr. Arnold justifies that language, though it seems to me clear that with his views he could never have been the first to use it. Still, do not let us forget that he does justify it, that the great Oxonian of the third quarter of this century, though he is separated wide as the poles from Cardinal Newman in faith, yet uses even the most exalted language of the Hebrew seers with all the exultation which even Cardinal Newman could evince for it. I think it is hardly possible to think of such an attitude of mind as the attitude of a common agnostic. The truth is, that his deep poetical idealism saves Mr. Arnold from the depressing and flattening influences of his theoretical views. The poet of modern thought and modern tendencies cannot be, even though he strives to be, a mere agnostic. The insurrection of the agnosticism of the day against faith is no doubt one of its leading features; but the failure of that insurrec-

tion to overpower us, the potent resistance it encounters in all our hearts, is a still more remarkable feature. Matthew Arnold reflects both of these characteristics, though the former perhaps more powerfully than the latter.

In passing from the thinker to the poet, I am passing from a writer whose curious earnestness and ability in attempting the impossible, will soon, I believe, be a mere curiosity of literature, to one of the most considerable of English poets, whose place will probably be above any poet of the eighteenth century, excepting Burns, and not excepting Dryden, or Pope, or Cowper, or Goldsmith, or Gray; and who, even amongst the great poets of the nineteenth century, may very probably be accorded the sixth or fifth, or even by some the fourth place. He has a power of vision as great as Tennyson's, though its magic depends less on the rich tints of association, and more on the liquid colors of pure natural beauty; a power of criticism and selection as fastidious as Gray's, with infinitely more creative genius; and a power of meditative reflection which, though it never mounts to Wordsworth's higher levels of genuine rapture, never sinks to his wastes and flats of commonplace. Arnold is a great elegiac poet, but there is a buoyancy in his elegy which we rarely find in the best elegy, and which certainly adds greatly to its charm. And though I cannot call him a dramatic poet, his permanent attitude being too reflective for any kind of action, he shows in such poems as the "Memorial Verses" on Byron, Goethe, and Wordsworth, in "The Sick King of Bokhara," and "Tristram and Iseult," great precision in the delineation of character, and not a little power even of forcing character to delineate itself. What feeling for the Oriental type of character is there not in the vizier of the sick king of Bokhara when he remonstrates with the young king for taking too much to heart the tragic end of the man who had insisted, under the Mahometan law, on being stoned, because in a hasty moment he had cursed his mother:

O King, in this I praise thee not!
Now must I call thy grief not wise.
Is he thy friend, or of thy blood,
To find such favor in thine eyes?

Nay, were he thine own mother's son,
Still, thou art king, and the law stands.
It were not meet the balance swerved,
The sword were broken in thy hands.

But being nothing, as he is,
Why for no cause make sad thy face? —

Lo, I am old! three kings, ere thee,
Have I seen reigning in this place.

But who, through all this length of time,
Could bear the burden of his years,
If he for strangers pain'd his heart
Not less than those who merit tears?

Fathers we *must* have, wife and child,
And grievous is the grief for these;
This pain alone, which *must* be borne,
Makes the head white, and bows the knees.

But other loads than this his own
One man is not well made to bear.
Besides, to each are his own friends,
To mourn with him, and show him care.

Look, this is but one single place,
Though it be great; all the earth round,
If a man bear to have it so,
Things which might vex him shall be found.

Upon the Russian frontier, where
The watchers of two armies stand
Near one another, many a man,
Seeking a prey unto his hand,

Hath snatch'd a little fair-hair'd slave;
They snatch also, towards Mervè,
The Shiah dogs, who pasture sheep,
And up from thence to Orgunjè.

And these all, laboring for a lord,
Eat not the fruit of their own hands;
Which is the heaviest of all plagues,
To that man's mind, who understands.

The kaffirs also (whom God curse!)
Vex one another, night and day;
There are the lepers, and all sick;
There are the poor, who faint away.

All these have sorrow, and keep still,
Whilst other men make cheer and sing.
Wilt thou have pity on all these?
No, nor on this dead dog, O King!

And again, how deep is the insight into
the Oriental character in the splendid contrast
between Rome and the East after
the Eastern conquests of Rome, in the
second of the two poems on the author of
"Obermann":—

In his cool hall, with haggard eyes,
The Roman noble lay;
He drove abroad, in furious guise,
Along the Appian Way.

He made a feast, drank fierce and fast,
And crown'd his hair with flowers—
No easier nor no quicker pass'd
The impracticable hours.

The brooding East with awe beheld
Her impious younger world.
The Roman tempest swell'd and swell'd,
And on her head was hurl'd.

The East bow'd low before the blast
In patient, deep disdain;
She let the legions thunder past,
And plunged in thought again.

So well she mused, a morning broke
Across her spirit grey;
A conquering, new-born joy awoke,
And fill'd her life with day.

"Poor world," she cried, "so deep accurst,
That runn'st from pole to pole
To seek a draught to slake thy thirst—
Go, seek it in thy soul!"

Or take the famous description, in the
lines at Heine's grave, of our own country
taking up burden after burden, with "deaf
ears and labor-dimm'd eyes," as she has
just taken up the new burden of Burmah:

I chide with thee not, that thy sharp
Upbraidings often assail'd
England, my country—for we,
Heavy and sad, for her sons,
Long since, deep in our hearts,
Echo the blame of her foes.
We, too, sigh that she flags;
We, too, say that she now—
Scarce comprehending the voice
Of her greatest, golden-mouth'd sons
Of a former age any more—
Stupidly travels her round
Of mechanic business, and lets
Slow die out of her life
Glory, and genius, and joy.
So thou arraign'st her, her foe;
So we arraign her, her sons.

Yes, we arraign her! but she,
The weary Titan, with deaf
Ears, and labor-dimm'd eyes,
Regarding neither to right
Nor left, goes passively by,
Staggering on to her goal;
Bearing on shoulders immense,
Atlantean, the load,
Wellnigh not to be borne,
Of the too vast orb of her fate.

Though not a dramatic poet, it is clear,
then, that Matthew Arnold has a deep,
dramatic insight; but that is only one
aspect of what I should call his main
characteristic as a poet—the lucid penetration
with which he discerns and portrays
all that is most expressive in any
situation that awakens regret, and the
buoyancy with which he either throws off
the pain, or else takes refuge in some
soothing digression. For Arnold is never
quite at his best except when he is delineating
a mood of regret, and then his best
consists not in yielding to it, but in the
resistance he makes to it. He is not, like
most elegiac poets, a mere sad muser;
he is always one who finds a secret of joy
in the midst of pain, who discovers a tonic

for the suffering nerve, if only in realizing the large power of sensibility which it retains. Take his description of the solitude in which we human beings live — heart yearning after heart, but recognizing the eternal gulf between us — a solitude decreed by the power which

bade betwixt our shores to be
The unplumb'd, salt, estranging sea !

How noble the line, and how it sends a shiver through one ! And yet not a shiver of mere regret or mere yearning ; rather a shiver of awe at the infinitude of the ocean in which we are all enlisted. It is the same with all Arnold's finest elegiac touches. In all of them regret seems to mingle with buoyancy, and buoyancy to have a sort of root in regret. What he calls (miscalls, I think,) the "secret of Jesus" — miscalls, because the secret of Jesus lay in the knowledge of his Father's love, not in the *natural* buoyancy of the renouncing heart — is in reality the secret of his own poetry. Like the East, he bows low before the blast, only to seek strength in his own mind, and to delight in the strength he finds there. He enjoys plumbing the depth of another's melancholy. Thus he says in relation to his favorite "Obermann : " —

A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feign ;
A wounded human spirit turns,
Here, on its bed of pain.

Yes, though the virgin mountain air
Fresh through these pages blows ;
Though to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their white snows ;

Though here a mountain murmur swells
Of many a dark-boughed pine,
Though, as you read, you hear the bells
Of the high-pasturing kine —

Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony.

But even so, the effect of the verses is not the effect of Shelley's most exquisitely melancholy of lyrics. It does not make us almost faint under the poet's own feeling of desolation. On the contrary, even in the very moment in which Arnold cries : —

Farewell ! Under the sky we part,
In this stern Alpine dell.
O unstrung will ! O broken heart !
A last, a last farewell ! —

we have a conviction that the poet went off with a buoyant step from that unstrung

will and broken heart, enjoying the strength he had derived from his communion with that strong spirit of passionate protest against the evil and frivolity of the world. It is just the same with his "Empedocles on Etna." He makes the philosopher review at great length the evils of human life, and decide that, as he can render no further aid to men, he must return to the elements. But after he has made his fatal plunge into the crater of the burning mountain, there arises from his friend Callicles, the harp-player on the slopes of the mountain below, the following beautiful strain : —

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame ;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice !

On the sword at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

— What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom ?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme ?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime ? —

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
— The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows !
They stream up again !
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train ? —

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road ;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

— Whose praise do they mention ?
Of what is it told ? —
What will be forever ;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

And we close the poem with a sense, not of trouble, but of refreshment. So in the tragic story of "Sohrab and Rustum" — in which the father, without knowing it, kills his own son, who dies in his arms — the poem ends not in gloom, but in a serene vision of the course of the Oxus as it passes, "brimming and bright and large," towards its mouth in the Sea of Aral, a course which is meant to be typical of the peaceful close of Rustum's stormy and potent and victorious, though tragic, career. It seems to be Matthew Arnold's secret in art not to minimize the tragedy or sadness of the human lot, but to turn our attention from the sadness or the tragedy to the strength which it illustrates and elicits, and the calm in which even the tumultuous passions of the story eventually subside. Even the sad poem on the Grande Chartreuse closes with a wonderful picture of cloistered serenity, entreating the busy and eager world to leave it unmolested to its meditations: —

Pass, banners, pass, and bugles, cease;
And leave our desert to its peace.

There is nothing which Matthew Arnold conceives or creates so well, nothing so characteristic of him, as the soothing digressions, as they seem — digressions, however, more germane to his purpose than any epilogue — in which he withdraws our attention from his main subject, to refresh and restore the minds which he has perplexed and bewildered by the painful problems he has placed before them. That most beautiful and graceful poem, for instance, on "The Scholar-Gipsy," the Oxford student who is said to have forsaken academic study in order to learn, if it might be, those potent secrets of nature the traditions of which the gipsies are supposed sedulously to guard, ends in a digression of the most vivid beauty, suggested by the exhortation to the supposed lover of nature to "fly our paths, our feverish contact fly," as fatal to all calm and healing life: —

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!

— As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,

The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Ægæan isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green, bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd
in brine —
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves —
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out
more sail;
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits; and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through
sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

Nothing could illustrate better than this passage Arnold's genius or his art. He wishes to give us a picture of the older type of audacity and freedom as it shakes itself impatiently rid of the paltry skill and timid cunning of the newer age, and plunges into the solitudes into which the finer craft of dexterous knowledge does not dare to follow. His whole drift having been that care and effort and gain and the pressure of the world are sapping human strength, he ends with a picture of the old-world pride and daring which exhibits human strength in its freshness and vigor, and he paints it with all that command of happy poetical detail in which Mr. Arnold so greatly excels. No one knows as he knows how to use detail without overlaying the leading idea which he intends to impress on us. The Tyrian trader, launching out into the deep, in his scorn for the Greek trafficker hugging the shore with his timid talent for small gains, brings home to us how much courage, freedom, and originality we may lose by the aptness for social intercourse which the craft of civilization brings with it. So he closes his poem on the new scrupulousness and burdensomeness and self-consciousness of human life, by recalling vividly the pride and buoyancy of old-world enterprise. I could quote poem after poem which Arnold closes by some such buoyant digression — a buoyant digression intended to shake off the tone of melancholy, and to remind us that the world of imaginative life is still wide open to us. "This problem is insoluble," he seems to say; "but insoluble or not, let us recall the pristine strength of the human spirit, and not forget that we have access to great resources still."

And this is where Arnold's buoyancy differs in kind from Clough's buoyancy, though buoyancy is the characteristic of both these essentially Oxford poets. Clough is buoyant in hope, and sometimes, though perhaps rarely, in faith; Arnold is buoyant in neither, but yet he is buoyant—buoyant in rebound from melancholy reflection, buoyant in throwing off the weight of melancholy reflection. "The outlook," he seems to say, "is as bad as possible. We have lost our old faith, and we cannot get a new one. Life is sapping the noblest energies of the mind. We are not as noble as we used to be. We have lost the commanding air of the great men of old. We cannot speak in the grand style. We can only boldly confront the truth and acknowledge the gloom; and yet, and yet—"

Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired."

Through hope or despair, through faith or doubt, the deep buoyancy of the imaginative life forbids Arnold to rest in any melancholy strain; he only snatches his rudder, shakes out more sail, and day and night holds on indignantly to some new shore which as yet he discovers not. Clough's buoyancy is very different. It is not the buoyancy which shakes off depressing thoughts, but the buoyancy which overcomes them:—

Sit, if you will, sit down upon the ground,
Yet not to weep and wail, but calmly look
around.

Whate'er befall,
Earth is not hell;

Now too, as when it first began,
Life is yet life, and man is man.
For all that breathe beneath the heaven's high
cope,

Joy with grief mixes, with despondence, hope.
Hope conquers cowardice, joy grief;
Or, at least, faith unbelief.

Though dead, not dead,
Not gone, though fled,
Not lost, though vanished,
In the great gospel and true creed
He is yet risen indeed
Christ is yet risen.

There is Clough's buoyancy of spirit, which goes to the heart of the matter. But Arnold, with equal buoyancy, seems to aim rather at evading than averting the blows of fate. He is somewhat unjust to Wordsworth, I think, in ascribing to Wordsworth, as his characteristic spell,

the power to put aside the "cloud of mortal destiny" instead of confronting it:—

Others will teach us how to dare
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who will make us feel?
The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

That, I should have said, is not Wordsworth's position in poetry, but Matthew Arnold's. Wordsworth "strengthened us to bear" by every means by which a poet can convey such strength; but Arnold, exquisite as his poetry is, teaches us first to feel, and then to put by, the cloud of mortal destiny. But he does not teach us, as Wordsworth does, to bear it. We delight in his pictures; we enjoy more and more the more we study it, the poetry of his exquisite detail; we feel the lyrical cry of his sceptical moods vibrating in our heart of hearts; we feel the reviving air of his buoyant digressions as he escapes from his own spell, and bids us escape too, into the world of imaginative freedom. But he gives us no new strength to bear. He gives us no new nerve of faith. He is the greatest of our elegiac poets, for he not only makes his readers thrill with the vision of the faith or strength he has lost, but puts by "the cloud of mortal destiny" with an ease that makes us feel that after all the faith and strength may not be lost, but only hidden from his eyes. Though the poet and the thinker in Matthew Arnold are absolutely at one in their conscious teaching, the poet in him helps us to rebel against the thinker, and to encourage us to believe that the "stream of tendency" which bears him up with such elastic and patient strength is not blind, is not cold, and is not dumb. He tells us:—

We, in some unknown Power's employ,
Move on a rigorous line;
Can neither, when we will, enjoy,
Nor, when we will, resign.

But if the "unknown Power" be such that when we will to enjoy, we are taught to resign, and when we will to resign, we are bid, though it may be in some new and deeper sense, to enjoy, surely the "unknown Power" is not an unknowing Power, but is one that knows us better than we know ourselves.

R. H. HUTTON.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
A LEGEND OF ANOTHER WORLD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
"A STRANGE TEMPTATION."

INTRODUCTION.

AMONG the papers of the late distinguished astronomer and inventor, Dickinson Elliott Jones, there has been found one which bears on the outside a singular explanatory statement. It is well known that Mr. Elliott Jones professed, during the later years of his life, to have discovered a highly practicable method of visiting the planets, and even of reaching the nearer fixed stars. He referred to this knowledge when he desired to account for his mysterious periodical disappearances, which disappearances have never indeed received any satisfactory explanation. In the absence of positive proof, however, the possibility of his having taken journeys through space in a manner which — not to mention other difficulties — must have been inconceivably rapid, cannot for a moment be entertained. Mr. Elliott Jones always refused to give any hint of the details of his marvellous discovery. On this point, therefore, he must have been subject to some hallucination, although on other points his mind remained clear and subtle to the last. In the solution of difficult scientific problems his help was always welcome; on points of astronomical inquiry his opinion was invariably received with respect by his fellow-scientists. He even furnished us with much information concerning the heavenly bodies — proved correct by subsequent experiment — which could not have been obtained originally by any known method of observation. How he procured this information he never revealed to us, and the secret is now unhappily lost by his death.

The one defect in his character or intelligence — we hardly know where to place it — this instinct of secrecy combined with a claim to extravagant personal power, interferes with the great value which would otherwise attach to all his written works. The document of which I now speak claims, by his notes upon it, to be the substance of a narrative related to him by a very extraordinary individual; a man who was an inhabitant of another world, and who, even in that world, was an exception and a mystery. He was reputed to be many generations old, and none of those with whom he lived knew anything of his origin. Of this old man, and the world in which he lived, and the

people who inhabited it with him, Mr. Elliott Jones left a full and particular account, which it is not my purpose to offer here. It is sufficient to say that the old man who told his story had a reputation for great knowledge and a character of great benevolence. He was consulted by his countrymen — like our friend Mr. Jones — on all abstruse and difficult questions; but, on the point of his personal history and individual power he was — again like our friend Mr. Jones — reputed to be somewhat mad. As the editor of the papers of the late Mr. Elliott Jones (for whom I had a very warm affection and admiration), it is not for me to pass any opinion upon the weight to be attached to the document which I now put before the public. I give it as I found it. It seems to me, however, that, whether it is regarded as the history of an actual, though apparently impossible, life, or only as the work of my friend's too ardent imagination, it may be accepted as a contribution (fragmentary, indeed, but not without suggestiveness) to that discussion on the value of life and the growth of creatures in the direction of happiness or misery, which has occupied so much of the attention of modern society. Without further preface, then, I offer the story as I found it among my friend's papers.

I.

BECAUSE I loved my fellows with a love which absorbed my whole heart, and because I had no desires for my own happiness, the great gift was granted to me of a term of life beyond that which was accorded unto others. Generations were born and died, nations rose and fell, and still I was left alive to work among the new races, and to help them with my knowledge. This gift was bestowed on me because it was not for myself that I desired it, perhaps because for myself I desired nothing; it may be that I hold it only on these conditions, but that indeed I cannot tell. From the days of my first youth a great love and a great compassion has had possession of me whenever I have looked upon the toiling multitudes around. I have seen them in their early ignorance struggling dumbly with physical troubles and wrestling from nature a difficult and painful existence. I have watched them in their later luxury becoming the victims of indolence and melancholy, of a hundred diseases and a thousand sins inherited with the wealth and the knowledge of their forefathers. If you ask me which state was the worse I can-

not tell you; I only know that in the first there was a great hope, and in the last there is a deep despair.

It is many ages since the gift of a long life was bestowed on me; none can remember the granting of it; there is no record of it except in my own heart; and none will believe me when I speak of it. It was a great thing to have, a wonderful thing. Many had desired it before me, and had been forced to go, letting their unfinished task drop out of their hands. To me only was it said, "You have the ages to work in; an almost endless life is yours in which to toil for the benefit of your fellow-men; your strength shall not fail while your love does not weary. The people may find in you a benefactor and a teacher who shall not be taken from them."

But the gift that was bestowed on me was too great for a man to endure. As the generations went by, the sum of all that I could do to serve them seemed small compared with the sum of their sorrows and their needs; for these seemed to grow with the ages, and could not be checked nor changed. Then I said in my heart at last: "There is no remedy, nor any hope; for every new life makes a new sorrow, and every new circumstance breeds a new pain. My help is only as a straw in the torrent of tribulation which roars onwards through the ages and will never be dried up." And in my despair I went away from the people to a great solitude where I could brood without interruption over the sorrows of the world, seeking always for some thought or some hope which might bring to it healing and help.

But no thought would come to me, nor any hope, save one: "It would be better for this suffering people that death should fall upon them swiftly, a painless death, overtaking them like a sleep from which they may never awaken." Like a whisper came these words in answer to my thought: "This gift also is yours, because you have desired it unselfishly. Behold, it is in your hands to do even as you have said."

But I was afraid, and shrank back from the power which was offered to me; for I knew not, nor know I fully now, whether it was given as a reward of my great love, or a trial of my sincerity and constancy of purpose; or even as a punishment for my overweening ambition to stand against the tide of things and to protect my own people from the woes appointed to them to bear.

Instead of turning my hasty thought

into an irremediable act, I went down once more among the people and — with that great power unused in my hands — I saw, as I had never seen before, the joy and the gladness of life. Babies clapped their hands in the sunlight, and children laughed gleefully at their play; lovers plighted their troth without fear or foreboding, and mothers led their boys proudly by the hand, showing them the world which they were to conquer; husbands, while they kissed their wives, thanked them for the love which made life beautiful; sisters and brothers rejoiced in the happiness of each other; and young girls looked out upon life with sweet, expectant eyes, certain of praise and affection, and many good things to come. The painter gloried in his picture, the author loved his book. In every trade and every profession were men who delighted in their task and who put their best strength joyfully into it. Beyond all these joys, and common to all men, were other good things; the loveliness of the skies and of the world, of moving seas and growing trees and running waters; the beauty of music, of perfumes, of form, and of color; the ecstasy of motion and the sweetness of rest; the pleasant cheerfulness of social intercourse and the peaceful influences of solitude; the satisfaction of originating a new thought, and the joy of feasting on the thoughts of greater men; the pleasure of approbation and the happiness of worship. Beholding all these things, I said, "Is not life a good thing after all? How should I dare to take it from those who have not had their full portion?"

So I waited and put the gift by. But the old sadness returned, and I only lied to myself when I said that I was content; for always the sum of the evil was greater than the sum of the good, and if a few were happy many more were miserable. Not a single life was perfect; not a single joy went on to the end. The pleasure of one seemed to bring the trouble of another; for the balance of things was awry, and the weight lay heavy on the side of evil.

As I watched the people, and waited, and doubted (having still that power in my hands to use as I would), I saw that as they grew more unhappy they grew more wicked also; for the strong races are purified by suffering, but the weaker ones are corrupted; and the strength had gone from my people; only the obstinate instinct of life, the desperate determination to snatch enjoyment from the misery around, survived among them. Virtue

had begun to go down in the struggle with vice, and generosity to retreat discouraged before the advance of selfishness. Men had no time to be kind, and no power to be good. The clear springs of the most innocent lives seemed to be polluted at their source; babies were born to sin as their fathers had sinned, and the fairest promise of youth carried secretly the germ of its own destruction. The moral disease which had taken root among the people spread upwards and downwards; it perverted to viciousness the simplest instincts of human nature, and transformed to selfishness the higher intellectual tendencies. Cruelty, sensuality, and the pride of mental power flourished together. Men ceased to keep faith with one another; they began to despise their mothers; most of them had long neglected their wives. The strong ill-treated the weak, and the weak hated and lied to the strong. Treachery lurked in every corner; oppression ruled in the name of order, and cruelty abounded under the plea of necessity. If men were unkind to each other they were absolutely pitiless to the lower creatures in their power. Most of them had long ceased to worship or to follow after anything except their own satisfaction and glory, or — as some among them preferred to put it, loving noble names for ignoble things — the satisfaction and glory of their species. A few indeed kept up a fiction of belief in a creating power worthy of reverence, but this power was little more than a magnified ideal of their own desires. They did not boast that they were made in the image of God; rather did they make their God in the image of themselves. He was, as they represented him, the base ally of the human race in its struggle with the other conscious creatures of his making. These other creatures he had abandoned — according to their showing — to the tender mercies of his unworthy favorite — man. Therefore many were ill-treated and tormented in the name of pleasure, or of health, or of science, nay, of humanity, and even of religion itself; for men had come to say that whatsoever they did for their own ultimate good, was good in itself, absolutely and always.

And still they waxed no happier. The suffering they inflicted seemed to recoil in manifold ways upon themselves, until at last I could endure the sight of it no more; for I thought, "If this people, whom I have loved and desired to help, continue in their evil ways, I shall learn to hate them at last, and all good things

must hate them, and there will be no help for them anywhere. It is better that they should die."

Then, in one night, silently and without any warning, so that no one suffered fear or felt a single pang, I did the thing that had been given to me to do; and the cities of the living became the cities of the dead. The people slept and awoke no more, and with them slept also all the other creatures of the world; and I was left alone.

The greatness of the act sustained me in its doing; but when it was over I was appalled by the solitude I had made, and by the strange great silence which followed, as if it had been lurking like a wild beast ready to seize upon the desolation. I went down to the lately populous places, and trod the streets where my footsteps echoed alone. I looked on the faces of the dead, but I did not repent, for all were at rest; and — for the first time for so many generations — I heard no sounds of weeping, nor saw any signs of woe. Yet I think I should have been glad if some little thing, some lower creature which could not suffer much from its prolonged consciousness, had escaped the general death, to be, as it were, a visible shadow of my own life in the unpeopled world. That life of mine, left single and unlike all the creation on which I looked, became immediately a monstrosity and a horror to me; it had reached beyond its proper term, and survived its natural use. How, then, could it continue to be?

The first few hours of my travel among the dead seemed indeed as long as a lifetime. A dreadful curiosity drove me through the silent cities; I wished to convince myself that all their inhabitants were of a certainty asleep forever, that none had, by any chance, escaped. I was not hungry, nor thirsty; the need to eat or to drink would have seemed a mockery in the face of all these people whose wants were at an end for all time. My own soul seemed dead within me, and my life a vision and no reality.

Towards evening I came upon a house where there was a cradle and a baby in it. I stood looking at the child idly for a moment, having seen many such sights that day; but there was something in the appearance of this little baby which made my heart begin to beat suddenly and violently. Death could not terrify me; it was *life* that I looked upon with wonder and dismay. The child was breathing, slowly and faintly, more faintly every moment; but it was breathing still. A few hours more and its life would have ebbed

away, the last wave left on the shore of time of all that great tide so full a little while ago. Should I leave it to die, or snatch it back to the existence it had scarcely tasted?—an existence it had never by any act of its own polluted or forfeited. The tender beauty of its face, the rounded softness of its limbs, touched me with a thrill of longing tenderness. Its little hands, rosy and dimpled, drew me towards them, helpless as they were, with a giant's strength.

I held my breath as I gazed upon it. I, who had desired and accomplished the annihilation of a race, could not leave this single little one alone to die. All my natural instincts fought for the child's life, yet I knew that my deeper reason had willed its death. My selfish desires for a companion of my solitude had dropped away from me; it was of the child alone that I thought as I watched it, afraid to move lest so I should decide its fate one way or another.

It did not occur to me that this might be a trial, or temptation, to prove the reality of my own belief in the necessity of what I had done; to test whether I had the strength to complete what I had begun. I did not think of this. I thought only of the child. And as I looked I forgot one by one the generations of the past; all the problems of life slipped from me; I had no memory of its troubles or its losses. I saw only a little child, a young creature whose helplessness appealed for help, and whose innocence demanded a cherishing love. I bent over it, and the warmth of my breath touched its cheeks; then it stretched its dimpled hands and uttered a tiny cry. Without any will of my own, or so it seemed to me, for thought had left me, and instincts long forgotten had full possession of me, I put out my arms and lifted the child from its cradle.

II.

AFTER that there was no question of leaving it to die. I took it away from the cities of the dead to the solitary mountains, where there was no remnant of anything that had had a conscious life. I nursed it back to strength; I fed it, and guarded it, and cherished it; for its life had become mine, and I had no thought of any other thing.

Those, were, I think, the happiest days of any that I had lived. My great yearning to be a healer of trouble, a giver of love, was satisfied. In my arms I could

hold all the life of the world, with my hands I could care for it, and guard it, and caress it. In return I had—wonderful indeed to think of—all the love that the world contained for my very own; but this latter good was the smallest part of my joy; the greater blessing was my power to guard from trouble the life I had saved, so that none could interfere to work it any woe.

Sometimes, however, as I looked at the lovely child, when she had learned to speak to me, and to run about with agile feet, I wondered if sickness and old age must come also upon her as upon her forefathers. From these things I could not protect her, as I could from want and wrong. Her very life held its own elements of decay, and in her breast lurked those inherited instincts of generations which might some day demand more than I could give her—a more passionate love, a fuller life; and with these things the trouble that they bring.

As she grew older she proved very gentle and obedient. The sins of her fathers seemed to have left no rebellious inclinations, no morbid desires in her pure spirit. The life which we lived together seemed for a long time to satisfy her completely. The reverential affection with which she regarded me was sufficient to occupy her whole heart.

I kept her away from the cities of the dead, from those vast remains of an ancient civilization, which I myself nevertheless visited from time to time. We read books together; books chosen by myself, which had to do with the larger aspects of physical creation, and touched little on its human element. And yet, as she grew older and more thoughtful every day, I was aware that fancies were rising in her mind which it would be difficult to treat with wisdom. She gazed at me often, with a sort of wonder in her eyes. "It is strange, dear father," she said once, "that there should be only you and I, just two and no more. This is such a great world that we live in; it has room for so many others."

And again she observed to me, when she was growing tall and strangely fair to look upon,—

"I change, dear father, as the time goes on. I remember when I could not look through the window of my little room; now I am tall enough to see much higher than that. I change, but you remain always the same. Why should this be? and will it go on forever?"

"You are young," I answered, "and not yet completely grown. I came to my full size long ago."

"What is it to be young?" she asked; "and are there any other creatures that are young besides me? The things that we see around us do not alter, except backwards and forwards as the seasons come and go. But I change always one way, and you not at all."

These and other speculations working in her mind produced after a time a certain restlessness, and a blind desire to reach that wider knowledge of which she perceived dimly the indications in the world about her and in my teachings. I could not keep her ignorant forever of her own nature, and of the history of her race; but I could not bear to hasten by any revelation of my own the crisis which must come. I did not know what mood would follow a full understanding of her position; resignation to her lot, so peaceful, but so isolated; or bitter disappointment and indignation against me, as the author of her strange fate.

The crisis came, without any action of mine to hasten or retard it. One day, when I came back from a journey, I missed her from our home. She had often asked me why I went away and left her alone, and I had explained that it was needful for me to seek from time to time fresh stores of the things which we used; she was not strong enough, so I told her truthfully, to endure the fatigues of travel. She never asked where I found the things I brought to her, nor how they were made; she had a boundless confidence in my resources, in my knowledge and ingenuity; she was satisfied to accept what I offered her, and to use it as I directed her.

But now she was gone, and, whatever way her wandering footsteps took her, she could not fail to come upon some strange memorials of the past. She might indeed travel far before I could trace and overtake her; she might be overcome by hunger and fatigue. I felt certain that it would be in one of the great cities that I should find her, because she must inevitably chance upon some of the ancient roads before she had gone very far, and one of these she would follow to see what they meant and whither they led. It was inevitable that she should see things it would have been better for her never to look upon, and learn things which she had better not have known. The time of her happiest ignorance was gone forever.

In a city of the dead I found her at last. I had travelled long through the silent

streets and peered often into the silent houses. There was no one from whom I could ask any tidings of my lost darling; no one to tell me if her delicate feet had trodden those solitary ways, or her sweet young eyes looked in upon the grim remains of death.

So many years had passed away, since the night of the great death, that the most terrible and dangerous effects of the universal mortality were at an end. The houses stood as when their inhabitants were alive, and there had been none to bury the dead; but at least these had lost all resemblance to their old forms in life, and so to any form that my darling had ever seen. I found her sitting in a luxurious room in a large house, leaning back in a carved chair, and looking with wonder and curiosity, but without any repugnance or terror, on the skeletons which were, besides herself, the sole inhabitants of the place.

"Dear father," she said, putting her hands out to me with a smile, and looking at me as if my discovery of her had nothing strange in it, "I am glad you have come. I am tired, and I have had so little to eat! Besides, I want you to tell me many things. What a strange place this is! and what strange carvings these are! But the most curious thing of all is that they should be dressed in clothes something like what I wear. Who made them like this? and did you know that they were here?"

I took her hands, and my own trembled so that she looked down on them in surprise.

"I knew of them," I answered; "but you must not stay where they are. It is bad for you to be here."

"I do not feel it so. I like it. I should like to stay. It seems as if some one had lived here who loved the things I love, and gathered them all about her. But there never was any one, was there?" she asked wistfully.

I spoke to her with more sternness than I had ever used before. "You must come away at once. If it had been good for you to be here I should have brought you myself. You ought to have known that."

She rose with a reluctant sigh, and followed me slowly, pausing half-way across the room to look at an empty cradle.

"What a strange little bed!" she remarked with interest; "something like mine, only so very small; as if I might have slept in it before I grew high enough to look through the window. Was it made

for me? Was there ever another me before this one?"

Some fatality might have led her steps to that house and to that room, for she was looking at the very cradle from which I had taken her. I hurried her impatiently away, refusing to answer her questions. She looked at me in surprise from time to time, often with an air of awakened observation; something other than the old complete confidence in me and docile fidelity to my will was working in her heart. She was ceasing to be entirely receptive; soon she might become critical.

"How many homes!" she murmured as she passed along the streets, "and no one to live in any of them! How did they all come here, gathered together in one place? Did they grow like trees in a forest?"

I did not attempt to answer all her questions, but I got her home again as soon as I could. Knowledge—a full knowledge of the life she had lost—could only bring to her sadness and discontent. Her present perplexity seemed better than that, and I was resolved to leave her in ignorance as long as it was possible. She could see that, for the first time in her life, I was seriously displeased with her; yet even this affected her less than it would have done in ordinary circumstances. When we reached our home, I spoke to her impressively.

"What is good for you to know I will tell you; what is good for you to see I will show you," I said, holding her hands in mine and looking steadfastly into her eyes. "Promise me that you will never again seek out new things alone."

To my astonishment she—who had hitherto been so obedient, tender, and sweetly acquiescent—drew her hands from mine, covered her face with them, and broke out into passionate weeping.

"I cannot promise," she answered; "everything that I have I owe to you; without you I should be nothing at all. I wish to obey you; I will try to obey you; but there is something in my heart stronger than you are, and so I cannot promise."

That was all she would say to me; and from that time I knew that she cherished many thoughts and wishes of which she never spoke. I no longer possessed her full confidence. She understood that there existed powers beyond mine, and that, even of the power I had, I had not offered all the results to her. Yet she was tender to me, very tender and sweet, as if she wished to make up to me by grateful

deeds for that reserve of force, of intention, of possible rebellion, in her heart.

One day she brought to me a book, not a book which I had given to her, but which she had found in her wanderings among the habitations of the past. She had been studying it in secret, and it was a love story.

"Do you know," she said, "who made this book, and what it means? It tells me of many things of which you have never spoken at all."

I could not lie to her, though truth must bring the bitterness of conscious loss, of unavailing desire. If she knew that I lied to her she would have none left to trust or to lean upon; she could not fail to become miserably aware of her own loneliness and helpless ignorance.

"It tells of things which it is better for you not to know," I answered. "They belong to the past, and can never be again."

"Ah!" she said, her eyes glowing with a strange light, "then it is all true! Others have lived like me, and have known each other, and have been happy together. They were not lonely as I am—oh, not forever alone!"

"I am with you," I answered briefly.

"You!" she said, "you?" Then she paused and looked at me contemplatively. "You are not like me," she went on, with deliberation. "You are like the rocks and the trees and the soil and the light; always the same, always giving me help, never wanting anything back. But I—I change from day to day. Life is full of surprise to me, and of longing. I want some one like myself to be my companion, to talk with, as the men and women talk in that book. I always wondered why—since all other things were many—there should be but one man and one woman, you and I. You so old and changeless; I so young and full of change. I know now what it is to be young. It is to be unfinished—not as you are; to feel new every day—not as you do; to be incomplete, and to long for something outside myself; to feel the need of other lives to mix with mine; not to be satisfied to go on alone. That is what it is to be young, and I am young. But you—oh! you are very old. How did it come to be that we are alone together?"

"Because you are weak, and I am strong," I answered her; "because you need care, and I can give it."

"I would rather have lived when the other people were here," she replied; "then we could have helped one another."

I understand now why all those homes stand empty. Once men and women lived there and — loved each other, and — were happy. I have learnt many beautiful things from that book. I wish you had taught them to me before. Tell me only this one thing — if the people were there once, why are they not there now?"

"They went away; they will never come again," I answered, for I could not speak to her of death. In the book that she had read the whole history of life was not recorded, only its bright beginning; and of death, towards which her life led her, towards which her bright, expectant face was turned in all unconsciousness, she knew nothing.

It was some weeks afterwards that I found her waiting for me near our home as I turned my steps thither for our evening meal. It was not strange to see her waiting so; but it was very strange, it was wonderful, that she was not alone. Destiny had found her, and had defeated me; for a kindred life had come to her from another world, and with life had come love, the love which explained life to her and completed it. There was no surprise in her eyes, for the things we have desired come to us as old companions, and not as strangers; rather was there a look of radiant happiness and triumph.

Her companion was a stranger to me, however. He was not a creature of our world; he belonged to a race stronger and more beautiful than my own; yet he was not wholly unlike some of the young men I had known, not so unlike that he should not seem a fitting mate for the beautiful woman beside him. He appeared to have easily established communication with her; but to me he was silent, regarding me with a haughty curiosity as I approached them. She seemed already to belong to him; and she met me with a look of eager gladness, as if I must certainly rejoice in her happiness, and welcome the wonderful being who brought it.

"The book spoke the truth," she said. "There are others alive besides myself; others who are young as I am, and beautiful to look upon, and sweet to live with. And he — he has come from another world to find me."

I ought to have slain him as he stood there in the proud consciousness of his youth, splendor and strength, with that serenity of aspect which was born of a perfect conviction of his own claims to satisfaction, and of his power to seize it; with that gracious courtesy of manner

which partly hid his haughtiness and was the offspring of his simple selfishness of purpose. At his feet lay a strange garment, a dark-colored wrap, hooded and winged, the ingenious instrument of his transit from another world.

"I was afraid when I saw him first," said my darling, whose eyes had followed mine. "He was black and dreadful to look upon, and his face was hidden. But when he threw that veil away and stood before me, it — it was like a sun bursting from behind a hideous cloud."

She caught his hand as she spoke, with her white caressing fingers, and looked up into his shining eyes with a smile of love and confidence.

I ought to have slain him as he stood there. It would have been better for her, better for all things — for myself, last and least of all. He had no happiness to give which would not bring its trouble, though my darling, with her face towards the sun, could not see the shadow it cast behind her. I had no right to undo and destroy the great gift that had been granted to me; I had no right, for the sake of one simple girl, to let the beautiful world become once more the habitation of sorrow that grew, and sin that increased from day to day.

I ought to have slain him. It would have been easy. For my power was greater than his, in spite of that dazzling youthful splendor which he had about him. But I looked at my darling, and my hand was stayed. Once more, for the sake of one whose innocence appealed to me, I forgot the misery of a world. I could not bring horror to the eyes where gladness now shone; I could not turn the look of tenderness with which she gazed at him to one of hate for me. I could not teach her then and there what death was, and the meaning of sorrow and separation and despair. I turned and left them. As a criminal flies from the scene of his crime I fled from the sight of the happiness which had no right to be, longing only for that death to come to me which I had not the courage to give to another.

I did not die. I could not die. My punishment is to live. For a time my darling was happy; joyously and laughingly at first, afterwards tenderly and quietly. Children came to her, and she loved them with a passion of delight, as if they were gifts that none other had had before — created for the employment of her tenderness alone.

Her husband was kind to her, in his splendid, lordly, condescending fashion;

but he spoke to her little of the world from which he came, and for which he often left her. He told her that it was impossible to take her with him on these visits, and he probably had no desire to take her. His discovery of her youth and beauty in an apparently empty and abandoned world, on which he had by chance alighted, had been a pleasant surprise to him; he had taken full advantage of the circumstance, but he did not let it interfere in the least degree with his freedom of action. He left me to provide, as before, for the material wants of his wife, and of her children also. He told her, when she desired to go away with him, that she was sweetest and best as he had found her; that intercourse with others could only spoil, and must distress her. This satisfied her at first, for his passionate admiration of her beauty gave her keen delight; afterwards, when she had her children to think of, she no longer desired to go away.

As for me, when I found that I was needed, I took up my burden again and became her servant. I hoped for the best. Surely this new race, which had been cut loose from all the base traditions, habits, and examples of the past, might run a brighter and purer course than the last. The sweet fidelity and tenderness of the mother, the keen and cultivated intelligence of the father, must form a hopeful heritage for the boys and girls who were born to them. The temptations lurking in the old social conditions were swept away; degrading memories, bitter recollections, these things had no place, in the good new world where my darling kissed her children and told them to love one another. I hoped for the best, but the worst was to come.

Her first real trouble fell on her when one of her babies died. She could not be made to understand what had happened to it, for she had never heard of death. Her husband delighted in all her innocent ignorances and left them undisturbed. She thought me therefore strangely cruel when I wanted to take the dead child from her and to put it away under the ground. No, she said, she would wait any length of time and not grow tired of nursing it, even if it should never wake again. She loved it as it was, and would keep it with her. But her husband interfered with his authority, and she listened to him as she would not listen to me.

"It is necessary, entirely necessary, that you should let the dead child go."

"What do you mean by the *dead*

child?" she asked; but he did not trouble to explain himself.

"You must obey those who know things of which you are ignorant," was all he vouchsafed to say to her on this point. "There are reasons of which you need not be told; but supposing that there were none, why should you waste your time, and your love, and your care, on a thing which can no longer feel, or see, or hear? which cannot have any consciousness of what you do for it? Have you not your husband to think of, and your other children? Do you suppose that I would permit such a waste of your energy and love? What is a dead baby, that never, even when it was alive, understood your affection for it?"

"It is my child — I am its mother," was all she could answer, out of her ignorance and blind maternal yearnings; but she used the words that she had received from my lips as if her own experience were enough to sanctify them, without that association with the love of generations of mothers which they carried to my ears. Her simple plea could avail her nothing, however. Her baby was buried, and her husband made light of her trouble.

"What is one child more or less?" he would say to her. "Surely enough are left to you."

Perhaps she thought he was cruel; perhaps his words only perplexed her. She ceased to speak of the dead child; its memory lay silent in her heart, carefully covered from sight by living loves and daily efforts; but it was a sorrowful mystery to her, a broken chord in the musical instrument to which tenderness had tuned her life; no more such perfect harmony could be born for her again as she had listened to before.

As the years passed her husband's absences became longer and more frequent; but the care of her children occupied her at these times. She was one of those women who are too sweet to permit themselves to be unhappy while happiness is possible; because anything less than satisfaction with their lot would be a sort of complaint against those who love them. If she saddened, it was inwardly; and the outward signs of it were an increased tenderness and patience. Her children ceased to be entirely a joy to her, but she never expressed any of the grief which they must have caused her. They had inherited from the ancestors of whom she knew so little instincts and tendencies strange and repugnant to her pure and loving

heart. The boys were quarrelsome and disrespectful, the girls frivolous and vain. They exhibited airs and graces such as their grandmothers had cultivated in the lost city life, which offended the simple sweetness of their mother. Their brothers struggled for pre-eminence and personal satisfaction in the vast solitudes which surrounded them, just as their forefathers had struggled in the crowded settlements of the past. Still my darling loved them, and smiled when they wounded her, and would not blame or utter any regret. Only she looked at me wonderingly, sympathetically, sometimes almost remorsefully.

"I think sometimes, father," she said to me once, "that you knew of all these things beforehand, and wanted to save me from them. I think that perhaps there is more, very much more, that is plain to you, but that I do not know yet."

She was silent a moment, looking at me wistfully. "It must be sad to know," she went on slowly; "I wonder if you have known always. I do not want you to tell me. I would rather—wait." She ended with a little shudder, and turned to kiss her youngest child with a sudden passion that was born of sorrow and of fear. She had no desire to lift higher the dark veil which hid the possibilities of the future from her eyes.

There came a time when her husband went away, and did not return. Still she made no complaint, and asked no useless questions. This, she thought, was one of the hidden things of the future, against which there was no appeal. Her children became more troublesome and difficult to manage. They knew what fear was, but had no sense of reverence. They had feared their father and obeyed him, because his will was hard as iron against theirs, and as pitiless; in my devotion, unrewarded and undemanding, they saw only weakness. They were swift to learn lessons of evil; and as their father had treated me with a courtesy touched with contempt, so they behaved to me with a disobedience hardly modified by politeness. They despised their mother a good deal, and loved her a little (again imitating their father's sentiments with the proportions reversed); and thus it came to pass that they subdued none of their faults in her presence; and it was in the face of her own children that my darling learned to read the evil passions which had reigned in the unknown world of the past. Anger she saw, and jealousy; cowardice, ill-temper, cruelty, greed, and insolence.

With a throb of terror in her heart she recognized them for the evil things they were, the beginning of trouble to which there would be no end.

Her trial was not so long as it might have been. She missed, at least, the pangs of sickness and the weakness of old age. She did not live to see herself counted a burden where she had been a treasure, nor to receive ingratitude and slights in return for all her loving care. She never lost her health or her beauty; and the end that came to her, bitter as it was, was merciful, in that in that it was not long delayed. For her, at least, the curtain was never lifted to its height, and the depth of the darkness behind it was left unfathomed.

Her boys read books that she had never seen, for after the first she longed for no more. They knew things of which she was ignorant; the learning and history of the past were no secrets to them. They became ransackers of the ancient cities, and brought home strange spoils of weapons, and jewels, and carving, and ingenious instruments. One day two of them came upon a great store of daggers. Together they brought them home, and set to work to polish and sharpen them. Their mother looked on, and wondered what the strange knives were made for, but felt no fear. Over the division of the spoil, however, the brothers quarrelled.

"I am the elder," said one, "and the books say that to the elder goes the larger portion."

"But I am the stronger," said the other, "and I laugh at the books, and bid them come and get the knives from me if they can!"

Then in anger the two rushed together, and the mother, with a cry of terror, ran between them. But their rage was increased by her interference.

"Leave us alone," said the elder; "I have read in the books that women ought not to interfere with the affairs of men. Go back to your own work, and leave us to fight it out."

"Put the knives down," she entreated; "they are sharp like those with which the old father cuts wood for our fire. It is not good to play with them."

"We are not playing," answered the stronger. "These are made for men to fight with. The men of the past forged things like these with which to strike and slay one another when they were angry. We are men, too, and must do as they did."

"Strike? Slay?" she repeated, her

face growing paler still at the ominous sound of those strange new words, coming, with a fierceness suggestive of their meaning, from the lips of her son. "You are speaking of something dreadful, something else that is waiting in the secret past to spring into our happy future. Let it go! Put them down!—ah, I can see it in your eyes!"

It was murder that she saw, and could not understand; but she held her two sons apart for one moment, while her panting breath refused to let her say more. The young men were stronger than she was, however, and they wasted no words upon her. By mutual consent they thrust her from between them, and rushed together again. The daggers gleamed in the air, but before they had time to fall, the mother, with a wild shriek of terror, had flung herself forward once more, with her slender hands trying to part the combatants.

And the daggers fell. Was it one wound or two beneath which she slipped to the ground, as water slips from a hollowed rock when the barrier is taken away? She had no strength left to struggle or to rise, but lay as she had fallen, her life flowing away in a warm current. The boys looked at her in wonder, and then at the red daggers in their hands. This thing they had not meant to do, and they uttered a loud cry of dismay, which brought me from afar.

I lifted my darling's head, and knew that there was no hope. She would die so, lying with her bright hair on my knee, and her eyes full of wonder and pain.

"My children, what have you done to me?" she asked pitifully. "What is this new thing that you have brought into our lives?"

I soothed her and comforted her telling her that the pain would soon be over.

"But I grow weaker," she answered. "I am slipping away into the darkness. You seem farther off every moment."

"Rest will come soon," I told her; "and I will put you to sleep with your little one, where no trouble can reach you."

She smiled then, faintly and wanly.

"Is it true? Have you kept her for me? Put her in my arms and let us sleep together. Better the night and the darkness. I want no more daytime and knowledge. She only of them all never looked at me with something dreadful in her eyes. Let me go to my little one!" cried the poor mother, trying with a last effort of life to raise herself from my arms. "Why

should I stay longer? My children do not love me, and my husband has forsaken me!" So with her dying words she uttered that secret of her sorrow which she had kept hidden in her heart before.

I buried her in her baby's grave, and with her I buried all hopes of a glad new world. With her children I could do nothing; they mocked at my teaching, and at last drove me from among them. The boys who had slain their mother, brooded over her loss at first, and reproached one another. After a time, however, the most calculating of the two put his grief away, and tried to make use of his experience.

"I know what death is now," he was heard to explain to a younger one; "it is a useful thing—a thing that takes people out of your way when they want to interfere with you. But it must be used carefully, because it lasts forever, and cannot be undone."

Since the day of my darling's death it has seemed to me that each generation has been worse than the one before it. The remnants of an old civilization which the new race inherited proved a snare and a trouble only. The people hated to work with their hands, and loved to live on the labor of others. They were always plotting to do little and to have much. The keen intelligence handed down to them from their father helped them in this respect; they became the cleverest and the most self-indulgent of races. Some affections survived among them, but these were regarded as weaknesses, and as hindrances to true prosperity. The stronger of them oppressed the weaker, until at last there was a terrible outbreak, in which multitudes were slain; the survivors lived perpetually on their guard, as in an enemy's country, each seeking his own advantage and striving to circumvent his neighbor. After a time they became too idle even for warfare, and grew to be—what you see them now.

It is my punishment to live among them; to be despised by them; to be unable to render them any real help or service; while I am a constant witness of their wickedness and woe. Their sins seem to be mine, and their sorrows too; and I repent with a repentance which has no end. For I dared once to ask—in the arrogance of a great desire to help—that the fate of a whole race should be put in my hands. I dared, with my finite will, to meddle with issues that were infinite. How then can there be any end to my sorrow, since there is no end to the misery I have made?

From The Nineteenth Century.

A "NATIONALIST" PARLIAMENT.

BY W. E. H. LECKY.

I HAVE often wondered whether those gentlemen who assure us that Ireland will be satisfied with nothing less than Grattan's Parliament have ever seriously reflected what Grattan's Parliament under the Constitution of 1782 really was. It consisted, of course, of two Houses—a House of Lords as well as a House of Commons. It was altogether Protestant. It was elected exclusively by Protestants, though, towards the close of its career, it, with signal liberality, admitted the Catholics to the franchise. It was drawn entirely from the section of the community which was indisputably loyal, and it was probably more eminently and specially the representative of property than any legislature that is now existing in the world. But in order still further to secure a constant concurrence between this legislature and the legislature of Great Britain, the government steadily upheld a system of representation under which about two-thirds of the members of the Irish Parliament sat for nomination boroughs, a great proportion of which were at the absolute disposal of the government. Yet, in spite of all these securities, the task of making the two legislatures work in harmony was not found to be an easy one, and it was on the great danger that might result from their collision that Pitt chiefly based his argument for the Union. The Constitution of 1782, he said, had established no "solid, permanent system of connection between the two countries." Experience had shown "how inadequate it was to the great object of cementing the connection and placing it beyond the danger of being dissolved."

It is sufficiently evident from this sketch that no Parliament even remotely resembling that which was abolished in 1800 could now by any possibility be established in Ireland; and it is equally evident that, while the old Parliament was essentially the Parliament of the Irish loyalists, the Parliament which is now desired would be essentially a Parliament of the disaffected. It would be, in all probability, a single democratic chamber, elected chiefly by an anti-English peasantry, completely sundered from the great interests of property in the country, and consisting mainly of nominees of the National League. The relation of the different classes in Ireland to the home-rule scheme is perfectly unambiguous. The whole body of the Prot-

estants, with scarcely an exception, have declared themselves against it. They form nearly a million and a quarter of the population and contain far more than their numerical proportion of its wealth, intelligence, and energy. They comprise not only more than ninety per cent. of the proprietors of the soil, but also the flower of the industrial population. It is they who have mainly made Belfast one of the greatest and most prosperous cities in the empire; who have made the linen manufacture the one flourishing industry of Ireland; who have raised a great part of Ulster to a level of civilization, order, and prosperity worthy of any portion of the empire. Anglicans, Presbyterians, and Methodists, differing in creed and differing in English party politics, they have declared, with a unanimity and emphasis which it is impossible to mistake, that any Irish Parliament which could now be set up would be ruinous to the country, the precursor of anarchy, and probably of civil war. They are not, however, more opposed to it than the Catholic gentry. This class, who in a healthy state of society would occupy a conspicuous if not a dominant place in Irish politics, have, by the action of the National League, been driven almost absolutely out of public life; and if it had not been that a few of their number sit in the House of Lords, they would be reduced to the most complete impotence. The overwhelming majority of the leaders of industry, whether Protestant or Catholic, are on the same side. It is only necessary to examine the list of Mr. Parnell's members of Parliament to perceive how entirely the representative names in Irish industry are excluded from it. The bankers, the large merchants and shopkeepers, the directors of railways, the men who have risen to eminence in the professions, the great employers of labor, the great organizers of industry are entirely absent. The few men of this kind who were connected with it when it was guided by Mr. Butt have almost all fallen away since it has passed under the control of Mr. Parnell, and they look upon home rule with undisguised alarm. All those classes in Ireland who are indisputably loyal to the English connection are as indisputably opposed to an Irish Parliament.

It is this profound division of classes in Ireland that makes all arguments derived from the example of federal governments, either in Europe or America, so utterly fallacious. The first question to be asked before setting up a local legisla-

ture is, who are the men who are likely to control it? On this point there is no real difference of opinion in Ireland. No argument of the smallest weight has ever been brought forward to show that the men who now predominate in the Irish representation in the imperial Parliament would not equally predominate in an Irish parliament. They would be elected by the same classes. They would come to the poll with the prestige of a great victory. The simple effect of home rule would be to confer legislative powers upon the National League.

And what are the sentiments of these men towards Great Britain? To do them justice they have never concealed them. They are men at whose public banquets the toast of the queen is systematically suppressed. At their great demonstrations the American flag is everywhere flaunted, and cheers are given for the Mahdi, or the Russians, or any other real or supposed enemy of England. The harp without the crown is their favorite symbol. One of their most conspicuous members organized the demonstration on the platform of Mallow to insult the Prince of Wales. Another—the present lord mayor of Dublin—distinguished himself by refusing to allow British soldiers at his inaugural procession. More than one have been deeply mixed in the Fenian conspiracy. The leader himself assured an American audience that he would not be satisfied till his party had destroyed "the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." The newspapers and the popular literature which support and represent the party have for years been educating the Irish people in the most inveterate, unqualified hatred of the British empire, and have looked on every event in Europe with favor just in proportion as it was supposed to be injurious to British power. Every one who has given any real attention to that press will admit that this statement is the simple, unexaggerated truth. It is not, however, the whole truth. The National League is a tree of which the root is in America, where an avowed and savage conspiracy against the British empire exists, directed by men who have abundantly shown both by their words and by their acts that they would shrink from no crime to attain their ends. It is from America that the Parliamentary fund of the National League mainly comes. Its members in Parliament are as literally paid from the exchequer of a foreign, anti-English conspiracy as the British ministers are from the consolidated fund.

These are the men with whom English ministers have to do; and what is the demand which they make? It is that the whole internal government of Ireland should be placed in their hands; that they should be given the command of that noble army of more than twelve thousand constabulary who have displayed during the last terrible years such an admirable fidelity and loyalty; that they should be authorized to arm volunteers; that they should be entrusted with the protection of industry and property, and of the loyal subjects of the crown; with the power of taxation and with all the influences of patronage and control that belong to a legislative body. That such a surrender to such men should be seriously contemplated, not on the morrow of some crushing military disaster like Jena or Sedan, but by the ministers of a great and powerful empire, is surely a shameful illustration of how recklessly and unscrupulously the game of party and of place has of late been played, and how seriously the public spirit of the country has been impaired. There are three millions of disaffected in a population of about thirty-six millions; eighty-six disaffected members in a Parliament of six hundred and seventy. It is under these conditions that resistance is said to be impossible and the dismemberment of the empire inevitable. Parliamentary government, the prince consort once said, is now on its trial. If this be the end of British government of Ireland, the historian will have little hesitation in pronouncing that it has not only been tried but condemned.

I do not know whether the experiment of governing Ireland as a part of the empire, by a Parliament such as I have described, will be tried. But it needs little sagacity to predict that no such solution can possibly be permanent. Limitations on the new Parliament may easily be devised, but there will be no power to enforce them, and upon the first conflict with England they will be abrogated by a declaration of rights. The precedents of 1641, of 1689, and of 1872 are there to justify such a course. The Irish question, instead of being settled, will be immensely aggravated by the enormously increased power given to the disloyal. The strain on the connection and the anarchy in Ireland will both become intolerable. It will soon be found necessary to go forwards to complete separation or to go backwards, probably to the abolition of all representation, and whichever course is taken, it will almost certainly be accompanied with

bloodshed. To govern Ireland as a part of the empire by a democratic Parliament formed of the elements which are now predominating in that country is the most hopeless of impossibilities.

One other prediction may be safely made. It is that the effects of such a surrender will not be confined to the relations between England and Ireland. I know as a matter of fact that some of the most distinguished men who are, or have lately been, connected with the government of India are watching with keen anxiety the triumphant progress of Irish disaffection on account of the influence it is likely to have on that country. It will be felt there and in every other part of the queen's dominions, and it will be felt in every country in Europe in the changed estimate of England. Great empires cannot humiliate themselves with impunity. I know no clearer signs of a declining nation than that its statesmen are unable or unwilling to protect peaceful subjects within a few hours of the metropolis, and are prepared to carry on government by compacts with fomenters of outrage. If the surrender of Ireland to the disloyal be accomplished, it will be known throughout Europe that the old governing and imperial spirit which made England what it is has departed; that the days of the empire are numbered, and that the handwriting is already on the wall.

I have spoken of the extreme absurdity of comparing any parliament that could now be established with the old Parliament of the gentlemen of Ireland — a Parliament to which I am not ashamed to say I look back with a feeling of very considerable sympathy and respect. I may add that the present movement differs widely from that of O'Connell. The Repeal agitation of O'Connell was not supported by the subsidies of foreign conspirators, and it was not accompanied to any great extent by that class warfare, and especially by that war against property, which has given its distinctive character and its special danger to the present movement. O'Connell was himself a considerable landlord. There was in his day no anti-rent agitation, and one of the most creditable incidents in his life was the courage with which he risked his popularity in opposing trade outrages. O'Connell was also frankly loyal to the crown. His early experience of the horrors of the French Revolution had given him a strong bias in favor of monarchy; cheers for the queen were constantly given at the Repeal

meetings, and he even pushed his view of the prerogative so far as to maintain that it was in the power of the sovereign, without the intervention of the imperial Parliament, to convene a parliament in Dublin.

But although the Repeal movement of O'Connell was much less dangerous than the present one, it is well known how it was regarded by the greatest English statesmen of every party. Few English public men have known Ireland better than the Duke of Wellington, and he wrote that "Repeal must occasion the dissolution of the connection with Great Britain," and he predicted that its inevitable issue in Ireland would be a religious war. Sir R. Peel, who had served as chief secretary for Ireland, and was thoroughly acquainted with the conditions of Irish life, was even more emphatic. "Repeal of the Union," he said, "must lead to the dismemberment of this great empire, and must render Great Britain a fourth rate power in Europe." Lord Althorp, who then led the Whigs in the House of Commons, echoed the argument of Peel that in the existing state of Ireland a distinct Parliament must necessarily lead to separation; and Lord Grey, the leader of the party, who had in his youth been a strenuous opponent of the Union, declared that "the effect of its repeal would be ruin to both countries."

That home rule in any form in which it is now likely to be attained would be ruinous to Ireland is indeed not difficult to prove. The policy of Mr. Gladstone and the agitation of Mr. Parnell have together so completely shattered the social type which had existed for generations; they have so effectually destroyed all the old relations of classes and all the more healthy forms of influence and reverence by which Irish society cohered, and they have diffused so widely through three provinces the belief that outrage and violence are the natural means of attaining political ends, that Ireland is at present probably less fitted for prosperous self-government than at any period within the memory of man. Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have, indeed, achieved with a curious completeness the end which more than fifty years ago Sir Robert Peel foresaw and dreaded as "a great, perhaps an irreparable misfortune" — the total "severance of the connection between the constituent body of Ireland and the natural aristocracy of the country." If Irish public opinion moved under the direction

of men who had the responsibility of property; who were sincerely attached to the connection, and who were animated by a genuine love of individual liberty and a genuine respect for law, a large measure of self-government might, I believe, be profitably granted. But no reasonable man can fail to see how lamentably these essential conditions are now wanting, and it would be difficult to conceive a worse fate that could befall a nation than to be governed by the kind of men who form the present majority of the Irish representatives. That such men, supported by the votes of an ignorant and priest-driven peasantry, could govern the great Protestant population of the north is, to me at least, absolutely incredible. The experiment would only lead to prolonged and acute anarchy; probably to civil war; possibly even to massacre, certainly to a fierce revival of those religious passions which have of late years been happily subsiding. Those passions, indeed, are already reviving, and they are likely in the near future to become again a dominant influence in Irish politics.

In the mean time industrial ruin is rapidly advancing. If you crown anarchy for your king, whatever else you may have you will certainly not have industrial prosperity under his sceptre. If the ruling power in Ireland is given to men whose policy has been described by Mr. Gladstone himself as a "policy of public plunder," and whose whole political action has consisted of a series of attacks upon property and upon the principles on which property is based, capital will most certainly not visit the country. The expropriation of landlords may perhaps settle on a permanent basis the land question; but it is a strange comment on the character of the proposed legislature, that it is believed, probably with excellent reason, that such a measure is necessary to prevent that legislature from beginning its career by a course of wholesale plunder. But the contagion of anarchy is no longer confined to land. We have seen the attacks upon the Bank of Ireland; the attacks upon an Irish Steam Company because it performed services which it was not only authorized, but bound by law to perform; the constant interference between employers and laborers; the constant boycotting of shopkeepers who have for any reason incurred the animosity of the League. The House League for breaking contracts between houseowners and lodgers is rapidly spreading, and the

conflict between farmers and landlords will probably soon be reproduced in the conflict between laborers and farmers. The result of all this is inevitable. Every banker knows that capital is steadily passing out of the country. Who would found a manufacture in Ireland? Who would invest money in the improvement of land? Who would engage in any industrial enterprise which depended for its success on the fulfilment of contracts in a distant future? Insurance offices no longer lend on Irish property. Wholesale dealers restrict their Irish orders. At the first intimation of Mr. Gladstone's probable conversion to home rule there was a great fall in Irish investments. In Ulster the elements of order are so strong that the evil may be arrested, but in the other provinces this impoverishment is steadily continuing. Shopkeepers on the verge of ruin, laborers unemployed, industrial enterprises withering rapidly away are the natural and evident results of lawless agitation and of feeble and vacillating government. One inestimable advantage it is true Ireland still has. She shares, and largely shares, in the credit of the empire—the best credit in the world. With a Land League Parliament her credit is likely soon to be on a level with that of Mexico and Honduras.

And what advantage can home rule offer to counteract these evils? It is supposed by some that it would check absenteeism. A larger proportion of wealthy Irish gentlemen are said to have lived in Ireland in the days of the old Parliament when the whole government of the country was in their hands than at present. Is it likely that a larger proportion will live there when they are expropriated from their properties, driven out of every form of public life, and placed under a government which they detest? One form of absenteeism may indeed be diminished, for a flight of Irish American conspirators are likely speedily to come over to share the spoils.

I know that the notion has been long and deeply rooted in the Irish mind that a native legislature might foster native industries by protective laws. It is probable that if home rule were established, the first conflict with England would be on this ground. But whatever justice there may be in the doctrine that in the early stage of manufactures protective laws are of real advantage, a war of tariffs with England in the existing circumstances of Ireland seems to me the most

suicidal of policies. A poor country, with very little capital, and that capital rapidly disappearing, permeated with agitations and subversive principles utterly incompatible with industrial prosperity, Ireland is placed by nature in such a geographical position that England is her only market. America will take nothing from her but men. With the continent of Europe her commercial relations are wholly insignificant. England could at any moment reduce her agriculture to absolute ruin by simply excluding Irish cattle from her market. There was a time when such a measure would have been impossible, for England depended very largely on Ireland for her supply of meat. But the extension of pasture in England, and the immense importation of cattle from America and Australia, have now made it perfectly easy for England to dispense with the Irish supply. With separate and hostile legislatures, and with a desire for protection rising among the British farmers, such a measure would be not only possible but probable.

I have spoken of the force and intelligence of the elements in Ireland that are opposed to home rule. That a genuine element of enthusiasm does exist in its favor, I should be the last to deny; but I believe that most of those who know Ireland best will admit that much of it is of the nature of an instinctive, passionate, unreasoning hatred of England formed in the national character by influences which have been in operation for centuries, and are much too strong to be effaced by any mere constitutional changes. There is a spirit in Ireland, as there is a spirit among the American Fenians, that would never be satisfied without separation, and which after separation would inevitably lead to hostility. Much of the movement however is of a different and more superficial character, and without extreme timidity and vacillation on the part of successive governments it could never have reached its present height. Professional agitation, which American subsidies have made peculiarly lucrative; the longing for change which grows up in periods of poverty and depression; simple intimidation savagely and unscrupulously exercised; the constant preaching of incendiary newspapers; class animosities and jealousies, and many petty questions of patronage and place have all borne a great part in swelling the torrent. With the farmers the land has always been the real question, and if that question were finally settled they would probably become very

passive. Already the larger and more prosperous farmers look on home rule with alarm, and the great grass farmers have been made the objects of more than one significant menace. With the priests there is the hope of extinguishing Protestantism in great districts, and of placing the whole education of Ireland under sacerdotal influence. Lord Robert Montague has lately supplied some curiously significant evidence of their designs, and the attitude of the Irish priests towards England since every vestige of religious ascendancy has been abolished is an instructive lesson to those who imagine that concessions will turn disloyalty into loyalty. But, above all, the present agitation owes its power to its constant and unexpected success; to the encouragement of Irish disloyalty by English politicians; to the abandonment of great districts of Ireland to anarchy; to the manifest bargaining on both sides for the Irish vote; to such speeches as that in which Mr. Gladstone attributed the disestablishment of the Irish Church to the Clerkenwell outrage; to such political transformation scenes as we have recently witnessed.

In the very instructive memorial which Sir Robert Peel sent to the Duke of Wellington in 1829 for the purpose of putting on record the grounds of his great change on the Catholic question, there is a passage which curiously illustrates the slow and deliberate process by which in past generations great organic changes were carried in England. Five distinct Parliaments, he says, had reviewed, and "four distinct Houses of Commons had come to decisions in favor of a consideration of the Catholic question." In our more enlightened days such delay would be impossible. Legislation grows rather with the speed of the mushroom than of the oak, and it is considered quite right and proper that a question like that which is discussed in the present paper, vitally affecting the whole future destiny of the British empire and involving incalculable issues of human happiness or misery, should be pushed through from its inception to its completion in a few months. At the last election it was carefully withdrawn from the consideration of the English constituencies, and no reason was given for believing that any prominent statesman had abandoned the uniform tradition and conviction of English statesmanship. When the nearly balanced result of the election was known, a new policy was suddenly sprung upon

the country, and it is now maintained in many quarters that a single hurried and successful election is all that is needed to carry it into effect. The influence and ambition of a single statesman, whose past Irish policy has proved probably the most stupendous legislative failure of the nineteenth century; a cry against the House of Lords; a little dexterous party manœuvring; a few skilful appeals to class passions, animosities, or interests wholly unconnected with the great question at issue, and a majority may be obtained, fully competent, it is assumed, to force a measure for the disintegration of the empire through all its stages and undo the work of seven hundred years.

It would be difficult to conceive a policy more opposed to the best tendencies of the time. In the lifetime of those who have attained middle age three great works have been accomplished in the world which far transcend all others in importance, and of which it is probably no exaggeration to say that the memory can never pass while the human race remains upon this planet. One of them, which is connected with the great name of Cavour, was the movement of unification by which the old and illustrious, but weak because divided, States of Italy were drawn together and fused into one great and prosperous kingdom. Another, which is chiefly connected with the name of Bismarck, was that movement of unification which has made Germany the most powerful nation upon the Continent. The third, which may I believe one day be thought the most important of the three, was due much less to the genius of any statesman than to the patriotism and courage of a great democracy. It was the contest of America with the spirit of secession which had arisen within its border; and although that spirit was spread over a far larger area than Ireland; although it existed over that area in a far larger proportion of the population than in Ireland, and was supported by an immeasurably greater amount of earnestness and self-sacrifice, it has now disappeared, and the present generation of Americans have in all human probability secured for centuries the unity of the great republic of the West. These have been the contributions of other nations to the history of the nineteenth century. Shall it be said of English statesmen that their most prolific and most characteristic work has been to introduce the principle of dissolution into the very heart of their empire?

From Chambers' Journal.

THE HAUNTED JUNGLE.

A LEGEND OF NORTH CEYLON.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE BREAKING OF THE SPELL.

WHEN the day dawned, it found the púsári still in the temple offering prayers and supplications to the god for deliverance from the spell he was under. As soon as it was sufficiently light for him to see his way, he left the temple and went down into the village. A hope had risen in his breast that his prayers may have been answered, and he was anxious to ascertain whether he was still invisible. The hope was soon dispelled. As he passed the door of a hut, an old man came out yawning and stretching his arms, and though the púsári stood right before him, took no notice of him. Filled with despair, the púsári went to his own house and sat in the porch, a prey to the gloomiest, most miserable thoughts. He occupied himself in watching Vallee. The overwhelming grief and agitation of the preceding day had passed off, leaving her listless, unhappy, and restless. She was trying to attend to her household duties; but her thoughts were elsewhere, for she sighed frequently and her eyes filled with tears very often. Every now and then, she went to the door and glanced out. On one such occasion she uttered an exclamation of surprise. On looking out, the púsári saw several men and women whom he recognized as some of his relatives, who lived in a village at some distance, coming towards him. On entering the house, one or two of the new-comers saluted Vallee curtly and coldly, but the rest took no notice of her. Abashed and pained by their conduct, Vallee retired to a corner and waited to see what they had come for. They made themselves quite at home at once. It was soon evident they had heard of the púsári's disappearance, and were come to see about his property, being persuaded he would never come back. After a while, they began to examine the house and to make a sort of rough inventory of what it contained.

"What are you doing, uncle?" asked Vallee of one of them, a thin, ferrety faced man, who was her father's brother.

The man made no reply. Presently, he caught sight of the púsári's strong box in a corner of the hut, and turning to her, abruptly demanded the key.

"My father keeps it," she replied.

"Do not name your father to us!" said her uncle sharply. "We have cast him off; we disown him!"

"But not his property, it appears," retorted Vallee with spirit. "And I tell you, Sinnan Ummyán, it will not be well for you when my father comes home and hears what you have said of him!"

"Dare you mock me, daughter of a murderer?" exclaimed her uncle, as he gave her a sharp box on the ear.

Vallee did not cry out or burst into tears, but drawing herself up, walked silently and proudly out of the house and disappeared into the jungle.

Great was the disgust of the púsári at the conduct of his rapacious and selfish relatives, and his indignation at their treatment of his daughter. Muttering wrathfully to himself that he would make them regret it, if he ever regained his human form, he got up and went out after Vallee. As he entered the jungle at the spot where he had seen her disappear, he heard a voice that he instantly recognized—it was that of Valan Elúvan. Vallee had just met her lover.

"What is the matter, sweet one?" he heard Valan say. "Are you crying for your father?"

"Aiyó, aiyó!" wailed the girl. "I shall never see him again!"

"Do not give way to such thoughts, little one," replied Valan. "He will certainly return. He has probably gone to some distant village on sudden and important business."

"O Valan," exclaimed Vallee, "then you don't think—you do not believe that he—killed the headman?"

"No; I do not, Púliya knows," returned her lover gravely. "'Twas some stranger, no doubt, that did the rascally deed. Your father will doubtless return soon and prove his innocence. Were those some of your people who came to your house just now?" he added.

Vallee explained who they were, and told him of her uncle's treatment of her.

"Never mind, child," he said soothingly, when she had finished speaking. "Should anything have happened to your father, and he not return, I will take you to my house as my wife; and we will go and live in some distant village where nothing is known about either of us, and no one can say malicious things of us. What say you, sweet one?"

Vallee made no reply and no protest when he tenderly embraced her. They continued to talk together for some minutes. When they separated, the púsári

followed Valan home, as he wished to see what his enemy was doing. As they entered the house, the púsári saw Iyan hastily hide some money he had been fingered, in his waist-cloth. Valan, too, saw his brother's action; he did not say anything, however, till he had deposited his jungle-knife in a corner; then, without looking round, he said quietly: "Elder brother, where did you get that money?"

"What money?" blustered Iyan.

"That which you have in your waist-cloth."

"I have had a debt repaid," growled Iyan after a short pause.

"What debt?" persisted Valan. "I did not know any one owed you anything."

Iyan grunted angrily, but made no answer.

"Where were you the day before yesterday, when the múdliya was murdered?" continued Valan in a stern, grave tone and looking keenly at his brother. "And why," he continued, when he received no answer, "did you change your cloth when you came home that night, and wash the one you had been wearing? And why, too, did you —"

"Mind your own business!" interrupted Iyan fiercely, as he got up and walked out. "You had better not spy on me, Valan Elúvan, or I will make you repent it!"

For some minutes after his brother had gone, Valan sat looking thoughtfully out of the door, evidently turning something over in his mind; then he got up and carefully searched the hut, examining with great care a cloth he found in a corner. He appeared not to be satisfied with what he saw, for he shook his head, and muttered two or three times to himself in a tone of sorrow and misgiving.

The whole of that day the púsári wandered restlessly about, spending most of the time, however, in and about his own house. By noon, his relatives had quite settled down in his house. It was clear they had no expectation of his ever returning, and had, therefore, constituted themselves his heirs. They did not treat Vallee with cruelty or harshness, but simply ignored her, or treated her as if she was dependent on them. Early in the afternoon, the young headman whom the púsári had seen at Mánkúlam the previous day, came to the village armed with a warrant. He was accompanied by several men, who searched his house carefully, but of course found nothing to incriminate him. They seized, however, the púsári's gun and two or three jungle-

knives that were in the house. Vallee's distress and indignation at the action of the headman and his satellites was great; but she restrained herself, and made no protest or remark of any kind. The púsári learned from the conversation of these unwelcome visitors that men had been sent to all the neighboring villages in search of him.

Night at length came on. The púsári hung about the village till every one had retired to rest. Suddenly the idea occurred to him to go in search of the pisási village in the haunted jungle. He started off at once, and before long found himself in a part of the jungle which he knew could not be very far from the scene of his dreadful night's adventure. But though he wandered about all night and climbed two or three trees, in the hope of seeing the glare of the magic fires, he found nothing. Though he knew himself to be invisible, and therefore perfectly safe, he could not overcome the sensation of fear when he heard the fierce cries of wild beasts in the dark, lonely forest. He listened anxiously to the crashing and trumpeting of a herd of elephants in the jungle near him, and to the grating roar of a leopard seeking its prey. He fairly fled when he heard the whimpering of a couple of bears coming along the path towards him. When the morning broke, he returned to the village.

Several days passed, and the púsári remained invisible to mortal eyes. He suffered neither from hunger nor thirst nor fatigue, and required no sleep. Aimlessly and ceaselessly, he wandered about, sunk in the lowest depths of misery and despair. His great wish was to find the pisási village again, as he hoped that, in some way, the spell might then be removed from him. Night after night he entered the forest and wandered about till daybreak with eyes and ears open for any sign of the presence of pisásis; but though, before long, he knew every path and game-track, and almost every tree for miles round, he could not find again the haunted jungle. Sometimes, when tired of his fruitless midnight wanderings, he would go to the rice-fields and sit by the blazing fires in the watch-huts and listen to the talk of the men and boys guarding the crops from the wild beasts. During the day, he haunted the village, entering all the huts unseen, and listening to the conversation of the villagers. Often he laughed to himself as he overheard secrets disclosed, weaknesses exposed, and designs laid bare, by men and women who thought

themselves alone and safe from eavesdropping. The excitement about the murder of the headman soon died out, and it ceased to be the absorbing theme of conversation in the village. The púsári was supposed to have got safely off to some distant country with his booty.

During this time, the púsári watched his enemy unceasingly, his feelings of hatred and desire for vengeance growing deeper every day. Iyan was too cunning a villain to excite suspicion by showing his ill-gotten wealth, and he had not as yet profited much by his crime. Every evening, the púsári watched him go into the jungle and gloat over the money and jewels he had hidden in the hollow tree.

The púsári also kept an untiring, loving watch over his daughter. His brother and family had by this taken complete possession of his house and property. Vallee felt keenly their rapacious proceedings and unkind treatment of her, for her father more than once saw her, with tears of mortification and indignation in her eyes, rush out of the house into the jungle. But she very often met there one who dried her tears quickly and easily. Valan appeared to be always on the watch for her, and met her so often and so openly, that it soon became the talk of the village. Many sneered at him for a fool to think of marrying a portionless girl, as they now thought her, and also the daughter of a murderer. It soon became clear to the púsári that matters were coming to a crisis, and that Valan, stung into resentment and defiance by the remarks of the villagers, and pitying Vallee's distress and unhappiness, would soon make her his wife and take her away. Valan's generous and honorable conduct towards his daughter, and his expression of belief in his innocence, had completely won the púsári's heart. He saw with approval and pleasure the relations between the two, and the thought that his daughter would soon be provided for, helped in considerable measure to reconcile him to his unhappy lot.

It happened one night that the púsári in one of his nocturnal rambles found himself at the river. It was now the height of the hot season, and the river was almost dry. Near where the path crossed the river was a small pool, the only water for miles around; to this the púsári went and, seated on the bank above, watched the wild animals coming to drink. It was a bright moonlight night, and the light reflected from the white sandy bed of the river made everything clearly visible. First

came a pair of porcupines, which played about and chased each other, rattling their quills noisily, till the sudden appearance of an old she-bear with a cub on her back put them to flight. The bear drank and shuffled off; and then, with noiseless, stealthy step, a leopard glided out of the jungle into the moonlight. It looked about with its cruel, round, gleaming eyes for a few moments, and then, lying down on its stomach, lapped its fill of water. Afterwards came a herd of wild pigs, suspicious and wary, followed by a number of graceful spotted deer. As these were drinking, a slight noise in the distance caused them all to throw up their heads and listen in attitudes of alarm, and then to disappear in the jungle like shadows. A few moments later, with heavy but silent tread, a herd of elephants came along the river and drank at the pool, throwing copious showers of water over themselves with their trunks afterwards. The púsári had by this time quite lost all fear of wild animals, so he sat and watched them with pleasure and in perfect security.

Suddenly the púsári started to his feet, and with staring eyes and beating heart, gazed at something in the distance that had caught his eye. It was a brilliant glare of light over the trees. It was the pisási village at last! Without a moment's hesitation, and breathless with anxiety, he hurried off in the direction of the light, going straight through the jungle towards it. Nearer and nearer appeared the light, till at last, with joy and exultation in his heart, he stepped out of the jungle into the well-remembered, enchanted bazaar. But instead of the unearthly silence that had reigned in the bazaar the last time he was there, it was now filled with uproar. No particular sounds were distinguishable; but horrid shrieks and yells, awful execrations and hideous sounds of every sort, filled the air. Instead of taking no notice of him as before, the pisásis glared balefully at him, and seemed to snarl and show their teeth. The creatures in the shape of cattle and dogs followed him threateningly; and numbers of evil-looking birds and loathsome creatures with wings flapped and fluttered about his head. But undaunted and undeterred, the púsári walked steadily on, searching for the old she pisási's stall where he had drunk the magic potion. At last he found it. There sat the old hag, blinking and leering with the same hollow gourd of water before her. Seizing it, the púsári raised it to his lips, and in

spite of the awful din that instantly arose, drained it to the bottom. As he put it down empty, he fell to the ground insensible.

It was daylight when he recovered and staggered to his feet. He remembered instantly what had happened during the night, and was filled with intense anxiety to ascertain whether his experiment had broken the spell that had bound him. He gazed at his arms and legs, and it seemed to him that they were real flesh and blood. He pinched them, and was sure he had felt the sensation. A thrill of joy passed through him, for he felt certain that he had recovered his human form. Taking his bearings by the sun, he made his way rapidly through the jungle to the river. As he descended the bank, he came upon a herd of deer, and it was with rapture that he saw them gaze in alarm at him and then dash hastily away. As he walked along the bed of the river, he noticed with intense satisfaction that he now had a shadow. There was no longer any doubt, and in the gladness of his heart the púsári began to sing at the top of his voice. As he turned into the path leading to Pandiyán, he caught sight of a man coming towards him; a moment later, he saw it was Valan Elúvan. On seeing the púsári, the young man stopped and looked at him with astonishment. After a moment's hesitation, he came forward. "Why, iya, where have you been?" he exclaimed.

"I cannot tell you now, Valan," replied the púsári. "I am anxious to get to Pandiyán. Come with me, and I will tell you all."

"Then you are not afraid to go to the village, iya?" said Valan hesitatingly.

"No. Why should I?"

"Have you not heard, then, of the murder of the múdliya and what is said about it?"

"Yes, yes! I know all about it, and who the murderer is." Valan glanced quickly and searchingly at the púsári. "Ay, and I know more than that," continued the púsári, returning his glance with a smile. "I know how you have been making love to my daughter in my absence, and heard every word you said to her!"

Valan looked puzzled and confounded, but said nothing; and the two walked on together in silence, each buried in his own thoughts. Valan was wondering whether the púsári could possibly have been hidden in the jungle near his house all the time, and thus overheard his interviews with Vallee. He was also trying to

account for his friendly manner towards him, so different from his former behavior. He could not help feeling that the púsári was only feigning friendliness, and that he had some deep design in view, especially when he thought over his remark, that he knew who was the murderer of the headman; and who that was he felt only too sure — his own brother, and the other's deadly enemy. Meanwhile, the púsári, filled with joyful thoughts and anticipations, strode along at such a rate that Valan could scarcely keep up with him.

At length they reached Pandiyán. A number of the villagers were standing about, and they no sooner saw who it was that accompanied Valan than the cry was raised: "The púsári has come back!" and men, women, and children came running out of the houses, filled with astonishment and excitement. Vallee, however, was not to be seen, though both the men looked round for her. Without taking notice of anybody, the púsári walked through the village, past his own house, to Iyan Elúvan's hut. Valan followed, grave and silent. The púsári's face was hard and stern as he entered the house. A glance round showed him there was no one there; it was, however, in great disorder, and something lying on the floor caught his eye. It was a torn fragment of cloth, and near it lay a small knife, its point stained with blood. The púsári picked them up and examined them; then, without a word, and followed by Valan and an intensely curious and excited but silent crowd of villagers, he left the hut, and entering the jungle at its back, made his way to the hollow tree where Iyan had hidden the valuables he had robbed the mudiya of. As the party neared the spot, a loud cry rose from the villagers, for lying at the foot of the tree was a dark object; it was the body of Iyan Elúvan!

Uttering an exclamation of horror, Valan knelt beside his brother and laid his hand upon his heart. The body was still warm, but Iyan was quite dead. His right hand was bound up with a strip of cloth. On this being unwound by Valan, a couple of small punctured wounds were discernible in the fleshy part near the thumb. Cries of, "It is a snake-bite!" "He has been bitten by a snake!" rose from the villagers crowding round, for they all recognized the marks. Meanwhile, the púsári, with the assistance of a stick, had drawn the bundle out of the hollow in the tree. With it came the freshly shed skin of a cobra, and it was at

once seen how Iyan had come by his death. A cobra had taken up its abode in the hollow where Iyan had placed his ill-gotten treasure, and on his attempting to withdraw it, had bitten him in the hand. Iyan had then gone back to his house, and lanced and washed the wound and bound up his hand; but feeling the approach of death, had crawled back to the tree, but for what purpose was never known, and had there expired.

Opening the bundle, the púsári displayed to the astonished gaze of the villagers the money and jewels it contained. Every one of them knew at once that it was the stolen property of the murdered headman; but how it came to be hidden in the tree and what Iyan had to do with it, they were at a loss to guess. And now the púsári spoke, and in a few words told them all that had happened to him since they had last seen him. They listened eagerly and attentively, and believed every word. They frequently interrupted his story of what he had seen in the pisási village, with exclamations of horror and amazement, and when he finished, they one and all loudly expressed their satisfaction at his return, and belief in his innocence.

The whole party then returned to the village, carrying the body of Iyan, and taking with them the recovered treasure. The púsári went at once in search of his daughter, and soon found her in the thrashing-ground in the fields winnowing rice. The meeting was a very happy one. Vallee's delight and joy knew no bounds. Could it have been possible to increase her happiness at her father's return, the assurance he now gave her of regard for Valan Elúvan and his approval of him as her future husband, would have done so. The púsári's next step was to go home accompanied by Vallee, and in a few cold, bitter words, to upbraid his relatives for their conduct and order them to leave his house at once. Ashamed and abashed, they went away without any attempt at explanation or apology. That afternoon, the young headman who had before inquired into the murder arrived at Pandiyán and at once instituted inquiries. The result was that the púsári's innocence was established and the dead man's guilt proved. The headman took charge of the stolen property.

"Truly, iya," he said to the púsári as he departed, "you have much to be thankful for. Only by the favor of Púliya have you escaped from the wiles of the pisásis, and from the snare that Iyan Elúvan laid for

you. 'Tis well, indeed, to be a favorite of the god. May you be happy and prosper!"

Before many days, Valan and Vallee were married, and went to live in an adjoining village. Relieved by the death of his enemy from constant worry and irritation, the púsári's temper greatly improved. In course of time he became so much respected and so popular, that he was elected headman of the district. The secrets he learned when he wandered about the village invisible, proved to be of great value to him, as he was often able to turn his knowledge to account in his dealings with his fellow-villagers. He became in time a man of substance.

The púsári's adventure was the subject of conversation through the whole country round for many weeks, and for a long time not a man, woman, or child dared enter the jungle after nightfall. But though in course of time the fear of the pisásis wore off, and on several occasions villagers were lost in the forest and wandered about there all night, no one ever found again the haunted jungle.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THREE ATTEMPTS TO RULE IRELAND JUSTLY.

SINCE the subjugation of Ireland by William the Third, three honest and earnest attempts have been made to govern the country on principles of justice, to repair the wrongs of conquest, to obliterate the memory of defeat. The first attempt was made by William himself on the surrender of Limerick; the second by Lord Melbourne in 1835; the third by Mr. Gladstone in 1868.* The history of these attempts deserves to be recorded.

I.

WILLIAM THE THIRD.

LORD BACON said that three things were necessary for the reduction and pacification of Ireland — (1) "the extinguishing of the relics of war;" (2) "the recovery of the hearts of the people;" (3) "the removing of the root and occasions of new troubles." The views of Lord Bacon were the views of William the Third. The humane and sagacious Dutch warrior and statesman believed that, the work of

conquest done, the work of reparation should commence; that the loss of national independence should be counterbalanced by the full enjoyment of all the rights and privileges of a common citizenship. Political incorporation, not national extirpation, was the basis of the Irish policy of William the Third. The principles of this policy were embodied in the Treaty of Limerick, by which the Irish people were granted freedom of worship, allowed the use of arms, the possession of their estates, the right to sit in Parliament, to vote at elections, to practise law and medicine, to engage in trade and commerce. "The upshot of the whole struggle," as Professor Ranke has well expressed it, "was this: the Irish and Catholics must renounce all thought of acquiring independence, for which they had taken up arms; on the other hand, Protestantism could not have that exclusive mastery which many desired." In other words, it was the wish of William that the popular liberty should survive national overthrow.

But the peace of Limerick was hateful to the English colonists, who resolved to destroy or reduce to a condition of abject serfdom the whole of the native population. And the conflict, which has endured for two hundred years, between the party of coercion and the party of conciliation — between those who wished that "Protestantism should have the exclusive mastery" and those who believed that Catholic freedom should be upheld — began as soon as the last Irish soldier had sailed with Sarsfield for France.

A few weeks after the solemn compact signed on the banks of the Shannon, Dr. Dopping, the Bishop of Meath, sounded the keynote of intolerance, injustice, and bad faith. He declared from the pulpit, in the presence of the lords justices, that the Treaty of Limerick should not be kept; that no privileges, no rights, should be extended to the native race; that Irish Papists should not be trusted nor recognized. But Dr. Moreton, the Bishop of Kildare, mindful of the honor of his sovereign, and influenced by sentiments of justice and morality, repudiated the doctrines preached by his brother of Meath, protesting that the public faith pledged at Limerick should not be violated; that Catholics should be permitted to remain within the pale of the Constitution, and to enjoy the full rights of fellow-subjects and fellow-countrymen.

Both sermons were sent to William, who acted with characteristic vigor and

* Mr. Gladstone received the seals of office in December, 1868. He introduced and carried the Irish Church Bill in 1869.

conscientiousness. He removed Dopping from the Privy Council, and put Moreton in his place.

Four months later the king was again called on to prevent a gross and shameless infraction of the treaty. The second article, as originally drawn, had provided that

the inhabitants of Limerick or any other garrison now in possession of the Irish, and all officers and soldiers now in arms under any commission from King James in the counties of Limerick, Cork, Kerry, Clare, and Mayo, and *all such as were under their protection in the said counties*, shall hold, possess, and enjoy all and every their estates of freehold and inheritance, and all the rights, titles, interests, privileges, and immunities which they and every or any of them were entitled to in the reign of Charles the Second, or at any time since, by the laws and statutes that were in force in the said reign of Charles the Second.

The words in italics were regarded as of great importance, both by the Irish and the colonists, as embracing practically the whole native population, whose landed estates were thus carefully secured to the rightful owners.* These words were, in truth, a barrier cautiously set up against any attempt at wholesale confiscation, and this barrier the colonists, bent on a policy of "public plunder," were resolved to throw down. The draft of the treaty had been signed outside the city walls on the 3rd of October, 1691. On the 4th of October the English army entered the upper part of the town; on the same day the draft was engrossed, and from the engrossment the words in italics were omitted. The attention of Sarsfield, who still held the lower part of the town with the whole Irish army, was called to the fact. He pointed out the omission to Ginkel, and requested that it should be "made good." After some discussion, and after the French fleet had anchored in the Shannon, Ginkel promised that the wishes of the Irish commander should be complied with, and that the omitted words should be restored. Nevertheless, four months afterwards the engrossed treaty was placed before William with the italicized words still left out. A discussion,

* "So long," says Mr. Froude in "The English in Ireland," "as the second of these [Limerick] articles contained the contested words, printed in italics, it conceded nearly all for which Sarsfield had asked. Very many of the Catholic gentry, being in the army, were protected as commissioned officers. The estates of most of those who were absent, and yet were compromised in the insurrection, were in the counties thus carefully particularized; and thus it might be said that nearly every Catholic of consequence, with a disposition to be dangerous, would be covered by the broad vagueness of the word 'protection'!"

we are informed, arose in the Privy Council as to whether they should be reinserted or not. But William, cutting short all debate, declared that the promise made to Sarsfield should be kept, and wrote on the instrument ratifying the treaty:—

Whereas it appears unto us that it was agreed between the parties in the said articles that, after the words Limerick, Clare, Kerry, Cork, Mayo, Sligo, or any of them, in the second of the said articles, the words following—viz, "And all such as are under their protection in the said counties" should be inserted and be part of the said articles. Which words having been casually omitted by the writer, the omission was not discovered till after the said articles were signed, but was taken notice of before the second* town was surrendered; and that our said justices and generals, or one of them, did promise that the said clause should be made good, it being within the intention of the capitulations, and inserted in the foul draft thereof. Our further will and pleasure is, and we do hereby ratify and confirm the said omitted words—viz., "And all such as are under their protection in the said counties"—hereby for us, our heirs, or successors, ordaining and declaring that all and every person or persons therein concerned shall and may have, receive, and enjoy the benefit thereby in such and the same manner as if the said words had been inserted in their proper place in the said second article, any omission, defect, or mistake in the said second article in any wise notwithstanding.

The honorable action of the king in thus confirming one of the most important clauses in the Treaty of Limerick raised a storm of dissatisfaction among the English in Ireland. The Irish Papists, they said, would be restored to their estates, and the English and Protestant interest would be destroyed. "Where the land goes," wrote the lords justices, "there goes the interest of a kingdom; and, no doubt of it, it must be a great mistake in policy, when there is so justifiable a pretence, to lose the opportunity of changing the proprietors from Papists to Protestants, as this will be. The Protestants of Ireland," added their lordships, "will be in perfect despair if the Papists are restored." But it was the intention of the Treaty of Limerick that the "Papists" should be "restored;" and William refused to be a party to the frustration of that intention. Nevertheless, in the conflict which ensued between the king and the colonists the latter were finally successful—not, however, without a strenuous effort on the part of William to

* Limerick was divided into two towns—the upper, or "Irish town," the lower, or English.

maintain what he believed to be the right. His first lord lieutenant — Lord Sydney — sought to observe the treaty, and was, in consequence, assailed by the colonists and driven from the island. Of Sydney's successors — the lords justices Wyche, Duncombe, and Capel — the two former were desirous of treating the native race with justice; the latter was not. Once more the colonists attacked the men who were hostile to their aims, and once more the party of honor was defeated. Wyche and Duncombe were forced to retire, and Capel remained sole governor of Ireland.

Under the rule of this congenial viceroy, the colonial Parliament proceeded to tear the Treaty of Limerick into shreds. In an act purporting to confirm the treaty almost all the articles were one after another abrogated. Even the words which William had with so much care caused to be reinserted and had ratified under the Great Seal of England were deliberately struck out. Thus was the barrier against confiscation completely thrown down.*

This violation of the Treaty of Limerick by the very act of Parliament purporting to confirm it was accompanied by laws disarming Popish citizens — they had already been expelled from Parliament — banishing Popish bishops, restraining Popish education, disqualifying Popish lawyers, and forbidding any Papist to keep a horse above the value of 5*l*. In brief, four years after the Treaty of Limerick had been signed the national religion was proscribed, the native race degraded, and the foundation laid of that infamous structure of laws which was securely raised shortly after William had passed away.

So terminated the struggle between the English monarch and the English colonists in Ireland; so ended the efforts of the magnanimous Dutch prince to govern with justice the people whom he had conquered. A body of men, whose sole aim was plunder, succeeded in defeating the statesmanlike policy of one of the *wisest and the best* sovereigns that has ever sat on the throne of these realms.

After William's death, the colonists had it all their own way, and the result was the penal code, in the fulness of its atrocity. The story of that code is an old one, and need not be retold. For practical purposes, its nature may be sufficiently gathered from the words of Grattan. "The peace after Limerick," said the great orator, "was to the Catholics a sad servitude, to the Protestants a drunken

triumph." Its effect upon the landed interests of the native race may be stated in the words used by Lord Townshend in 1772. "The laws against Popery," he said, "have so far operated, that there is no Papist family remaining at this day of any great weight from landed property."

For three-quarters of a century after William's death the penal laws remained in full force. In 1758 a judge declared from the bench that "the laws did not presume any Papists to exist in the kingdom, nor could they breathe without the connivance of the government." In 1778 the era of "concession" opened, and Catholics were allowed to hold property in land. But this concession was not made in pursuance of a policy of redress. It was yielded to force. It was granted when England was in "difficulties" with her American and Irish colonists. It was an instance of that system of hand-to-mouth and unwilling legislation which has naturally failed to impress the Irish mind with any sense of English justice.*

In 1793 another important concession was made. The Catholics were admitted to the elective franchise. But this was hand-to-mouth unwilling legislation again — another surrender to force, another boon to rebellion. In 1792, a petition praying for the admission of the Catholics to the franchise was rejected by the Anglo-Irish Colonial House of Commons by a majority of two hundred and eight to twenty-three votes. In 1793, a bill embodying the prayer of this petition passed through Parliament practically without opposition. In the interval, the "United Irishmen" had become a power. The battle of Valmy had been fought and the allies of England on the Continent defeated. During all these years — from 1703 to 1793 — no English statesmen arose who attempted earnestly to carry out the policy of William the Third, who tried to "pacify" Ireland by "extinguishing the relics of war," by "recovering the hearts of the people," by "removing the root and occasions of new troubles." From William the Third to Mr. Pitt we

* "But the Catholics were indebted, not only to the labors of their friends, but also to the great revolution which was going on at this period in America, for the first concessions that were made to them. This soon appeared very evident; an attempt was made by Mr. James Fitzgerald a few months before the introduction of the Act of 17 & 18 Geo. III. [the Act of 1778] to obtain for them a power to take leases for sixty-one years, and this attempt failed. But soon afterwards, when the intelligence arrived of the defeat of the British forces in America [at Saratoga], the same Parliament, on the recommendation of the government, passed an act enabling them to take land on leases for 999 years." (Parnell, Penal Laws, p. 79.)

* Ante, p. 294.

do not find any English statesman who had a "policy" for the government of Ireland. Mr. Pitt's policy, it is scarcely necessary to say, was a union, and the emancipation of the Catholics. How that policy was carried out is well known. The union was effected, but the Catholics were not emancipated. The colonists lost their Parliament, but the native race did not gain its liberties. For twenty-nine years after the union the hope of emancipation held out by the English minister to the Irish people remained unrealized.

Then at length emancipation was conceded; not, however, as an act of justice or of grace, but as another "surrender to force, another boon to rebellion." As it was in 1778 and 1793, so it was in 1829 Sir Robert Peel, like his predecessors, had no Irish policy. His was still hand-to-mouth unwilling legislation.

The Catholic Relief Act passed, the idea of an Irish policy based on principles of justice, or, indeed, on rational principles of any shape or kind whatever, had not yet dawned on British statesmen.

No English minister arose who manfully sought to carry out the policy of political incorporation aimed at by William the Third, or the policy of national extirpation attempted by Oliver Cromwell. To have made Ireland a crown colony in 1829 would have been an intelligible proceeding. But to have admitted Irishmen of the native race and religion within the pale of the Constitution, to have given them seats in Parliament, to have made them eligible as judges of the land and ministers of the sovereign—and still to have excluded them from positions of power and emolument, still to have treated them with disfavor and distrust, still to have persevered in the system of governing six million Irish Catholics in accordance with the wishes of eight hundred thousand Protestant Episcopalians—was assuredly a policy which cannot be justified on any rational principles whatever.

Yet such were the principles on which Ireland was governed until Lord Melbourne came into office in 1835.

In 1833—four years after Catholic emancipation [says Mr. Lecky]—there was not in Ireland a single Catholic judge or stipendiary magistrate. All the high sheriffs with one exception, the overwhelming majority of the unpaid magistrates and of the grand jurors, the five inspectors-general, and the thirty-two sub-inspectors of police, were Protestant. The chief towns were in the hands of narrow, corrupt, and, for the most part, intensely bigoted corporations. Even in a Whig Government not a single Irishman had a seat in the Cab-

net; and the Irish Secretary was Mr. Stanley, whose imperious manners and unbridled temper had made him intensely hated. For many years promotion had been steadily withheld from those who advocated Catholic emancipation, and the majority of the people thus found their bitterest enemies in the foremost places.*

II.

LORD MELBOURNE.

"It is impossible to go on," said Sir Robert Peel in 1829; "you must do either of two things. You must go back to the penal laws or [emancipate the Catholics]." But Sir Robert Peel practically did neither one thing nor the other. He passed an act of Catholic relief, but made it in the main a dead letter. He kept the word of promise to the ear, but broke it to the hope. He refused to follow the example of either of the two great English models of Irish policy—the hero of the Rebellion, or the hero of the Revolution. The eminent Tory statesman was too humane to be a Cromwell. He had neither the courage, nor perhaps the faith, in principles of just and equal government to be a William the Third.

In truth, the emancipation of the Catholics dates, practically, not from 1829, but from 1835. The Irish policy of the Dutch conqueror—the policy of political incorporation, as opposed to the policy of national extinction—was taken up, not by Sir Robert Peel, but by Lord Melbourne.

After the general election of 1834, the Whig party became dependent for support on O'Connell, and by the help of the great agitator Lord Melbourne was enabled to form a government with a working majority of sixty. A compact was practically entered into between the Irish leader and the Whig premier, according to which the one was to suspend the demand for the repeal of the Union, and the other to legislate for and govern Ireland in harmony with Irish opinion and feeling. The Treaty of Limerick was at last to be put in force; the national religion and the native race were at length to be recognized. "Protestantism" was no longer to have the "exclusive mastery;" Catholicism was no longer to be a badge of disqualification, a mark of inferiority. Ireland was to become an integral part of the empire, to be governed as England and Scotland were; equal laws, equal rights, equal privileges, were to be the lot of the three nations. The administration of Irish affairs was to be entrusted to men

* Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland, p. 260.

possessing the confidence of the Irish people, as the administration of English and Scotch affairs was entrusted to men possessing the confidence of the English and Scotch peoples.

Irish grievances were to be removed, Irish wants satisfied, Irish sentiments, and even prejudices, respected. In fine, the three nations were at length to be welded into one kingdom, bound together by identity of interests and of aims. "We are prepared," said Lord Melbourne's chancellor of the exchequer—an Irishman—in the House of Commons in 1835, "to blot out the Channel." O'Connell followed him in the debate, and said, "I am prepared to blot out the Channel too."

This great compact was made at a turning-point in the history of the two countries.

The idea of separation, originated half a century previously by Wolfe Tone, seemed, under the influence and teaching of O'Connell, to have completely passed away.

The idea of repeal had to some extent possession of the popular mind; but O'Connell had not yet flung himself heart and soul into the movement, and the country still remained comparatively quiescent. Just laws, fair play from the imperial Parliament, and an executive government ready not merely to "consult," but to "consider"—Irish public opinion, might at this stage have satisfied the Irish people. The Melbourne ministry during a period of five years earnestly endeavored to make such laws, to give such fair play, to establish such an executive government. What came of the attempt?

The particular legislative remedies proposed by O'Connell were—the abolition of tithes and the appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Protestant Church in Ireland to purposes of general usefulness; the reform of the corporations; the extension of the Parliamentary franchise.

Immediately on the assembling of Parliament, the government took up the questions of tithes and of municipal reform. A bill was introduced for the commuta-

tion of tithes into a rent-charge at the lowest percentage of tithe hitherto proposed—viz. 68½.—and for the appropriation of the surplus revenues of the Established Church "to the general education of all classes of Christians." This measure was carried through the Commons, but rejected by the Lords. Year by year, up to 1838, tithe bills were brought forward by ministers, supported by the Irish party, carried through the Commons in the teeth of a persistent Tory opposition, but rejected in the Lords. Finally, in 1838, after the government had come back weakened from the general election of 1837, Sir Robert Peel forced Lord Melbourne to accept a plan for the settlement of the question—viz. a bill commuting tithes into a rent-charge at 75½ per cent. of the tithe, and containing no appropriation clause at all.

The government were equally prompt in dealing with the subject of municipal reform, but equally unsuccessful.

Between 1835 and 1840, bills were brought forward by ministers for the reform of the corporations on fair and liberal lines. These bills were all lost, owing to the opposition of the Tory party and of the House of Lords. At length, in 1840, Peel compelled the government to accept his plan of municipal reform, as well as he had previously compelled them to accept his plan of tithe reform. An act was passed disfranchising fifty-eight out of a total of sixty-eight Irish corporations, and conferring a narrow franchise on the remaining municipalities. The subject of Parliamentary Reform was not dealt with at all. Thus the legislative attempt of Lord Melbourne to do justice to the Irish people failed; but his efforts to give them an executive government, based "on principles of equality, instead of principles of gross preference and injustice, poisoned with religious hatred,"* was eminently successful.

Mr. Disraeli described the Irish executive in 1844 as "the weakest in the world." It would be scarcely an exaggeration to say that the Irish executive in 1835-40 was one of the strongest in the world; and it was strong because it was

* Grattan gave as a reason why he never accepted office in Ireland that he would be "consulted, but not considered." "I was young and poor," he said; "I had scarcely 500*l.* a year. Lord Charlemont was as poor as any peer, and I as any commoner. We were, however, determined to refuse office; and our opinion, and a just one too, was, that office in Ireland was different from office in England; it was not a situation held for Ireland, but held for an English Government often in collision with, and frequently hostile to Ireland. We stated that we should be consulted, but not considered." (Memoirs.)

* "There came from the time of the Reform Act onward for a period of about ten years," said Mr. Gladstone at Edinburgh on the 24th of November, 1885, "a steady endeavor, I believe the first ever made in Ireland, to govern the country by the assistance, in a great degree, of a man famous in his day, perhaps now in a great degree forgotten—Lieutenant Thomas Drummond—to govern the country on principles of equality instead of principles of gross preference and injustice, poisoned with religious hatred."

supported by the public opinion of the country.

Lord Melbourne sent to Ireland a ruler who, first among the English governors of that country, showed the qualities necessary for gaining the confidence of the Irish people and winning them over to the side of "law and order" — viz., a knowledge of Irish history and character, an acquaintance with Irish wants, sympathy with Irish feeling, and an unchangeable determination to be consistently, uniformly, firmly just.

This ruler was Thomas Drummond.* Under his powerful administration old abuses were removed and new energies infused into the public service. Government by coercion was dropped; government by the ordinary law was vigorously carried out. Orange arrogance was bridled. Protestantism was deprived of the "exclusive mastery" it had so long usurped; but no undue favor was shown to the national creed. The people no longer saw their "bitterest enemies in the foremost places;" but the ascendancy could not point to a single man in the whole administration whom they dared pronounce one-sided, incapable, or corrupt. Indeed, the character of the government may be well judged by the men who filled the positions of attorney and solicitor general. The one was Mr. Perrin, a Protestant, the other Mr. O'Loughlin, a Catholic. Both were men of eminence in their profession; both were friends of O'Connell; both were animated by zeal for the public service, and free from the taint of sectarianism.

Even-handed justice in all departments was the distinguishing feature of the Drummond administration. With one hand the insulting Orange displays were put down; with the other the savage faction fights of the south. In one case, a territorial grandee was deprived the commission of the peace because he had, at a public dinner, proposed a toast, "commemorative of a lawless and disgraceful" † conflict in which Papist peasants had been butchered by Orange bigots; in another, a police officer was severely rebuked because he had failed to charge and disperse a turbulent Catholic mob.

Centres of popular lawlessness were broken up, and strongholds of ascendancy undermined. Partisan judges were re-

strained, and the "wings" of a venal and oppressive magistracy "clipped."* The horrible struggle between the owners and the cultivators of the soil was dealt with in a fashion new alike to tenants and landlords. On the one hand, agrarian offenders were arrested, tried, convicted, and punished with little difficulty, and without public disapprobation; on the other, landlords were censured for acts of oppression, and boldly told to discharge the "duties" as well as exercise the "rights of property." The tithe war, which had fiercely raged in Ireland up to Drummond's arrival, was arrested, and the atrocious practice of sending out military and police to shoot down Papist peasants for refusing to pay tithes to Protestant parsons was completely abandoned. Information was gathered in from all quarters, and every form of opinion taken into account. The popular leaders were frequently "consulted" and always "considered," and the doors of Dublin Castle thrown wide open to all comers without distinction of politics, creed, or class. In fine, an executive watchful of the interests of all classes and favoring none; vigorous in action, just in conduct, Irish in sympathy, and imperial in aims — such was the great "concession" of the Melbourne ministry to Ireland. "Put yourselves in contact, not in collision with the people," said Sheil in resisting Grey's Coercion Act of 1833. Drummond "put" himself "in contact with the people," and died in 1840, bewailed by the nation, and leaving Ireland more tranquil, more loyal to the British connection and the union than she had been at any time previously, or than she has been at any time since.

But after the death of Drummond the executive system which he had introduced was gradually overturned. In 1841 the Melbourne ministry, which had become intensely unpopular in England on account of its Irish policy, fell; Sir Robert Peel succeeded to office, and the old order of things was restored. The policy of concession and of political incorporation was arrested, and the system of class government, hand-to-mouth legislation, repressive legislation, no legislation, revived. Protestantism again obtained almost the "exclusive mastery," and the Irish executive became "the weakest in the world." Agitation and rebellion immediately followed. O'Connell unfurled the banner of repeal, and, for the first time, flung himself heart and soul into the struggle.

* Lord Mulgrave was lord lieutenant, and Lord Morpeth chief secretary, but Drummond, who filled the post of under secretary at Dublin Castle, was practically the Irish Government.

† Drummond's words.

* Drummond's expression.

Duffy, Davis, and the Young Irelanders sowed the seeds of revolution and recalled the memory and the teachings of Wolfe Tone.

The idea of separation was revived, the idea of repeal was rooted in the public mind. From the death of Robert Emmet to the death of Thomas Drummond there was no separatist party in Ireland. From the death of Drummond to our own time this party has scarcely ever ceased to exist. In 1848 Ireland was in rebellion, in 1858 the Fenian organization was founded, in 1867 Ireland was in rebellion again.

What, it may fairly be asked, were English statesmen doing all the time from 1841 to 1868, while Irish difficulties were accumulating, while "the root and occasions of new troubles" were springing up?

From 1841 to 1868 England had ten administrations. The prime ministers were — Sir Robert Peel, Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, Lord Aberdeen, Lord Palmerston, Lord Derby again, Lord Palmerston again, Earl Russell, Lord Derby again, Mr. Disraeli. It would be impossible to point to a single act of any one of these statesmen showing that he understood, or, understanding, had the inclination or capacity to grapple with, the Irish question. Mr. Disraeli understood it, but did not care about it. Sir Robert Peel cared about it, but did not understand it.

Lord Palmerston thought it beneath contempt. Lord John Russell partly understood it, but wholly gave up the attempt to settle it. Lord Derby partly understood and at one time partly attended to it.

Lord Aberdeen knew nothing whatever about it.

In 1844 Mr. Disraeli stated the Irish question almost in its entirety with great accuracy. He said: —

I want to see a public man come forward and say what the Irish question is. One says it is a physical question; another a spiritual. Now it is the absence of the aristocracy; now the absence of railways. It is the pope one day and potatoes the next. . . . A dense population in extreme distress inhabit an island where there is an Established Church which is not their Church; and a territorial aristocracy, the richest of whom live in a distant capital. Thus they have a starving population, an absentee aristocracy, an alien Church, and in addition the weakest Executive in the world.

He continued: —

Well, what then would hon. gentlemen say, if they were reading of a country in that posi-

tion? They would say at once, "The remedy is revolution." But the Irish could not have a revolution; and why? Because Ireland is connected with another and a more powerful country. Then what is the consequence? The connection with England became the cause of the present state of Ireland. If the connection with England prevented a revolution, and a revolution was the only remedy, England logically is in the odious position of being the cause of all the misery of Ireland. What then is the duty of an English Minister? To effect by his policy all those changes which a revolution would do by force. That is the Irish question in its integrity.*

These were statesmanlike words, but they were never followed by statesmanlike deeds.

Sir Robert Peel's plan for the settlement of the Irish question was the somewhat conflicting one of a grant to Maynooth, and the Queen's University. Both grant and university are now gone, and the great majority of the people — clergy and laity, Protestants and Catholic — regret neither the one nor the other.

Lord Derby understood one Irish question better than any one of his contemporaries — viz., the question of the land; and his government in 1852 introduced a statesmanlike scheme for its settlement.† This scheme was supported by the Irish popular representatives, but defeated by the landowners and the House of Lords.

After this failure Lord Derby gave up all attempts to settle the Irish question.

Lord John Russell, mindful that the Melbourne ministry had been wrecked on their Irish policy, steered as clear as he possibly could of all Irish questions for the remainder of his public life. But to Lord Palmerston belongs the distinction of having firmly "put down his foot," and consistently adopted a policy of no concession to Ireland.

Alone among the statesmen who occupied a prominent position in English politics between 1841 and 1868, Mr. Bright stood forward as the earnest advocate of the policy of concession and political incorporation inaugurated by William the Third, taken up by Lord Melbourne, and abandoned by Lord Melbourne's successors. But Mr. Bright remained below the gangway from 1843 to 1869. And what came of this abandonment of the "Williamite-Melbourne policy;" what came of the system of government maintained in Ireland from the fall of the Melbourne

* House of Commons, February 16, 1844.

† Mr. Napier's bill, for which see article on "Irish Wrongs and English Remedies" in the *Nineteenth Century*, November, 1895.

ministry to the accession of Mr. Gladstone to power? The question may be answered in three words—the Fenian movement. Thomas Drummond left Ireland in 1840 tranquil and loyal; Mr. Gladstone found it in 1868 in full sympathy with rebellion.

III.

MR. GLADSTONE.

MR. GLADSTONE sat in the House of Commons in the days of the Melbourne ministry; and, it is needless to say, did not at that time support the claims of the Irish popular party.

He was, however, neither a bitter, selfish, nor partisan opponent of those claims. His speeches had nothing in them of the ascendancy ring; nothing of that "political Protestantism" which O'Connell so frequently, so powerfully, and so justly denounced. Upon the question of the Church, which was the great question of the period, he took up a position widely different from that held by any of his party. They defended the Irish Establishment on political, he on religious grounds. Their arguments were the arguments of the lords justices* who believed that all the "property" of the country should be in the hands of the Protestants; that all distinctions, rights, privileges—political, social, religious—should be vested in the class that represented what were called "English interests." But to Mr. Gladstone the Irish Church question was not a question of "property" or of "English interests." It was a question of religious truth.

The ascendancy regarded the Church as a political engine. Mr. Gladstone regarded it as a religious institution. To the ascendancy the religion of the masses of the people was a matter of indifference so long as their own power remained supreme. To Mr. Gladstone it was a matter of anxious moment apart from all personal or national considerations.

The ascendancy supported the Church, ostensibly because it was good for England, really because it was good for themselves. Mr. Gladstone supported it, ostensibly and really because he believed it was good for the Irish people. He desired to see all Ireland Protestant because he believed in Protestantism, and he thought that this end would be achieved through the ministrations of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The following extract from his speech

on the Tithe Bill of 1836 will put this matter in a clear light:—

A Church Establishment is maintained either for the sake of its members or its doctrines; for those whom it teaches or for that which it teaches. On the former ground it is not in equity tenable for a moment. Why should any preference be given to me over another fellow-subject, or what claim have I personally to have my religion supported whilst another is disavowed by the State? No claim whatever in respect to myself. I concur entirely with gentlemen opposite, hostile to an Establishment, that no personal privilege ought in such a matter to be allowed. But if, on the contrary, I believe, as the great bulk of the British Legislature does believe, that the doctrine and system of the Establishment contain and exhibit truth in its purest and most effective form; and if we also believe truth to be good for the people universally—then we have a distinct and immovable ground for the maintenance of an Establishment; but it follows as a matter of course from the principle, that it must be maintained, not on a scale exactly and strictly adjusted to the present number of its own members, but on such a scale that it may also have the means of offering to others the benefits which it habitually administers to them. Therefore we wish to see the Establishment in Ireland upheld; not for the sake of the Protestants, but of the people at large, that the Ministers may be enabled to use the influences of their station, of kindly offices and neighborhood, of the various occasions which the daily intercourse and habits of social life present—ay, and I do not hesitate to add of persuasion itself, applied with a zeal tempered by knowledge and discretion, in the propagation of that which is true, and which, being true, is good as well for those who as yet have it not, as for those who have it.

At what time precisely Mr. Gladstone changed his ground on the subject of the Irish Church it may not, perhaps be so easy to say. But, having regard to the position which he originally took up, and to the facts which were accumulating to prove that the Protestant Establishment in Ireland had hopelessly failed, it is clear that a change of ground was sooner or later inevitable.

His sole argument, practically, in favor of maintaining the Church was that it would make Ireland Protestant. But when it became evident that the Church was not making Ireland Protestant—that, on the contrary, there were reasons for supposing it was helping to make her more intensely Catholic—then the basis on which that argument rested was completely cut away.

It is clear, I think, that Mr. Gladstone's mind was, for a time, directed to the Irish

* Ante, p. 294.

difficulty when the Maynooth grant was proposed by Sir Robert Peel; and we know as a matter of fact that in 1847 he refused to pledge himself to stand by the Irish Church — a position from which he never afterwards departed. But many things intervened in the mean time to draw off his attention from the subject, and for several years Irish questions did not seem to occupy any special place in his thoughts, any more than they did in the thoughts of other English ministers. However, between 1865 and 1868 he returned to the question; and from that time to our own he has given more consideration to the affairs of Ireland than any statesman, with a single exception, since the days of Lord Melbourne — has done more for Ireland than any statesman since the conquest of the country by William the Third. Whatever Mr. Gladstone's opponents or critics may say, one fact they are bound to admit — viz., that at least he had an Irish policy. Of how many Englishmen who were responsible for the government of Ireland since the time of Oliver Cromwell can the same thing be said? Oliver had a policy — brutal, but at all events intelligible and rational; and intelligible and rational because in the thinly populated condition of Ireland at the time it was possible of success, could a succession of Cromwells have been produced.

William the Third had a policy — magnanimous, humane, just. But the men who passed the penal laws, and enforced and relaxed them by fits and starts, had no policy. The men who at one time plundered Irish Papists and at another admitted them within the pale of the constitution; who allowed Catholics to hold landed property and excluded them from the franchise; who admitted them to the franchise and excluded them from Parliament; who admitted them to Parliament and excluded them from positions of authority in the State, — had no policy. The founder of the national system of education, the authors of the Maynooth grant and the Queen's University, of the Encumbered Estates Act, Cardwell's Land Act, the Intermediate Education Act, and the Royal University had in reality no Irish policy; the men who sent Drummond to Ireland, and the author of the Church Act and of the Land Acts of 1870 and 1881 had. These looked at the Irish question as a whole; their predecessors did not. The latter legislated to get rid of temporary difficulties, and then dropped the subject of Ireland. The former legis-

lated to remove permanent evils, and persevered in the work. It was Mr. Bright, I think, who once said that there ought to be an "Irish session." Lord Melbourne's Parliament was an Irish Parliament, and so was Mr. Gladstone's of 1868-1874. Mr. Gladstone came into office on an Irish issue; he went out on an Irish issue;* and on his resumption of office in 1881 he took up the Irish question again.

The Irish question in 1868 was an "alien Church," a vicious land system, unsatisfied Catholic claims respecting education, a grossly inadequate Parliamentary franchise, and "the weakest executive in the world." Mr. Gladstone, I repeat, did not take this question up by halves, he took it up as a whole; he tried to deal with it as a whole. He destroyed the Church, reformed the land laws, and was driven from office in consequence of an attempt to deal with the subject of education. Owing in great measure to his exertions, begun in 1868 and resumed in 1881, the Irish question is no longer what it was twenty years ago. The Church is gone, the land question almost entirely disposed of, the franchise completely settled, and education in a fair way of settlement.

What, then, is the Irish question of to-day? for Ireland still remains the difficulty and, it may be, the danger of the empire. An island governed by British laws, and within half a day's journey of the British capital, contains a population of five million, the great majority of which are disaffected to the Legislative Union and bound together by an organization of vast dimensions and immense power; a disorganized aristocracy loyal to the Union but without political influence or *prestige*; a temporizing middle class partly in favor of the establishment of a system of Irish autonomy; a discontented peasantry constituting the bone and sinew of Ireland, all of whom hate the Union or the English connection altogether; an intelligent and insufficiently employed artisan class of "rebels," and an executive which still continues to be "the weakest in the world" — this is the Irish question of the present day in its integrity. The statesman who can settle it, who can remove the causes of disturbance and the strife of classes, allay agitation, and help

* Mr. Gladstone was defeated on the Irish University Bill in March, 1873, and tendered his resignation. But Mr. Disraeli refused to take office, whereupon Mr. Gladstone carried on the government for some time longer and then dissolved.

to bring about that state of political and social calm which Ireland has never enjoyed, and without which her people can never grow prosperous, will make a suffering nation happy, and a divided empire strong.

But the question of the hour is, By what means can these ends be attained? How can Ireland be made happy and loyal? How can the empire be strengthened in its only weak part? To my mind this question admits of but one answer: by the establishment of a Parliament in Dublin on such conditions as will secure the unity of the empire, and will, consistently with that unity, give to Irishmen the fullest control of Irish affairs. In a celebrated pamphlet written in 1798 by Mr. Secretary Cooke,* under the inspiration, it was supposed, of Mr. Pitt, the author declares that, if the "happiness" of the people of Ireland could "best be obtained by a federal or an incorporate Union, such an union ought to be the national object." An incorporate union has been tried, and has proved a signal failure. It was the hope of Mr. Pitt that his great measure would "calm the disunions, allay the discontents, and dissipate the jealousies which have unfortunately existed." It was the fear of Sheridan that this measure "argued not tranquillity, but disquietude; not prosperity, but calamity; not the suppression of treason, but the extension and increase of plots to multiply and ensanguine its horrors." It is scarcely necessary to say the fears of the brilliant Irishman, not the hopes of the great English statesman, have been realized. After a trial of eighty-six years the "incorporate union" has resulted in the return of eighty-six "Irish rebels" to the imperial Parliament, in the springing up at the other side of the Atlantic of an Irish nation, inspired by feelings of the deadliest hostility to England, in the existence of plots and murder societies which are a danger to the public peace and a disgrace to our civilization, in the presence in Ireland itself of four millions of disaffected subjects. Assuredly, in the face of these facts, an incorporate union should no longer be the national object.

R. BARRY O'BRIEN.

* Arguments for and against an Union.

From Temple Bar.

HUMORS OF TRAVEL.

BY HERMAN MERIVALE,
AUTHOR OF "FAUCIT OF BALLIOL."

A WONDERFUL change has come during the last few years over the spirit of the waiter. I forget whether it was in *Punch*, or where, that I remember years ago the delightful dialogue between Tom and 'Arry over their table in a German hostelry. "Ow comfortable it is that in these countries they all understands French! *Gar song, tarse der corfee.*" And no doubt it was a great comfort. But we have changed all that now. They don't. There is no longer a universal tongue, either for diplomacy or for travel; the many-landed waiters bring their own dialects with them, and converse together in by-ways and corners in such odd combinations that there seems to be at last neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them. We were seated — L. and I — at one of the most queerly representative table-d'hôtes I have seen among those strange institutions of cosmopolis. It was at Spezia. Our company consisted of two young Russian ladies of birth — with eye-glasses and very rude — and one of them engaged to be married to a handsome young Italian noble, who bunched her with liberality. There is nothing wrong in the expression, which a young American lady in London society, freshly arrived, explained to a startled partner. She complained that she had never been bunched since she came. He was taken aback, and wondered what to apologize for in the manners of the country, when she explained that bunching means to supply with flowers. The Russian girls — there was then a talk of war, and they eye-glassed me with special suspicion — were attended by a quiet widow companion of uncertain nationality. Near them sate a dear old white-haired Belgian couple, full of the little hand-pressures and touching ways of time-crowned marriage love, which sends one thinking away — thinking upon the many teachings of the great marriage mystery. Opposite to them a little newly married pair of French turtle-doves, very new and very young indeed — the ceremony but two days old, as we afterwards learned — miraculously disappearing into corners now and then, and reappearing with a delightful assertion of propriety, unconscious of very shining eyes and rumpled hair. Add to them a half-way house English husband and wife, no matter who; and the inevitable bachelor par-

son on his wanderings, with a singular gift for producing sound tobacco in defiance of the pestilent nicotian monopoly of his Italian Majesty, and our odd menagerie was complete. Complete but for the head waiter, who was a conundrum. I tried him in every language of which I knew anything — so did everybody else; and he always answered, in another language, some question which had not been asked. At dessert, after having well dined, with some good red wine and a little cognac, I asked for biscuits for L. and for myself. "Des biscuits," quoth I in pure Parisian; and he smiled at so simple a demand. After a strangely long absence he returned with an enormous bottle, which, with two big tumblers, he placed uncorked before us. The Russian ladies looked at us with disgust, and it bore the brand of Jamieson. "You asked *du viski*," said the waiter as I looked in astonishment. "What country," I said in despair, "on earth do you belong to?" "I?" he said; "I'm a Turk." It grows difficult, certainly, and one should know the passwords. Once after a bad sea-passage I tried hard to explain to a good-tempered waiter at Calais that I wanted a little gin; but understand he could not, and the classical French I could not for the moment remember. After every spirituous liquor had been offered in turn, my wants must have been suggested by some despairing pantomime. For his face expanded with smiles — he put his right forefinger to his cheek and his left in the air with infinite expressiveness, and "Ah, ah!" he said with sympathy and all in one word, "*Oletum!*" And old Tom it was. A college mate of mine, years back, whom nothing in the way of language daunted, used to maintain that for waiters there was nothing like coining tongues — and wanting more toast once during his Italian wanderings, addressed one thus, "Aspettatore, più tosto."

It was at that Spezia table that I found myself colloquing with a friend of the best of English types, who was hunting with some literary purpose on the historic tracks of Lord Byron, now fast effacing themselves in Italy. He had been realizing the scene of the poet's famous swim from Porto di Venere, and we made our way Pisa wards together, on a wonderful day of summer *per saltum*, cloudless and supreme, to be mocked afterwards by many unkind relapses. A beautiful journey between sea and mountain, the snow fading from the Apennine ridges as we travelled south. A drive to the Piazza,

which combines in little the chief interests of travelling Pisa in a fair beauty of white marble (fairer to me, because somehow less elaborate and less bedecked, than the greater dome of Brunelleschi at Florence), and a contemplation of the famous leaning tower. Perversely it impressed me with the image of a lovely but inebriated bride a little off the level, infinitely maiden in her white robe, though with a figure like the leg in *Punch* so adapted to a Wellington boot in the maker's eyes, from being "the same size all the way down." And we laughed as we climbed the twisting stair over the honest German matron who uttered her petitions at the foot, while her good man was making his way up inside. "*Ach Himmel!*" Keep the thing steady till my John comes down!" Close by, the beautiful cathedral, instinct with the delicate, half-feminine grace which is the distinguishing feature of these white Italian minsters as compared with others; a bewilderment of marbles and carved woods — of twelve hundred woven columns and gigantic mosaics — of tender Andrea del Sartos and bold designs of Michael Angelo — bronze lamps of Galileo and bronze doors, which stand survivors of the fire three hundred years ago; and close again the singular baptistery, where L. and I could anxiously watch the process of a Luca della Robbia in act of being restored, and wonder among the Old Testament frescoes at the historic attainments of an extraordinary guide, who grew very eloquent and very angry over a Biblical picture which he described as representing the historic curse of *Cam*. I thought of the little University river — I reflected upon Abel's brother — I did all I could to bring him to book, but he was secure of his Old Testament history and contemptuous of mine. I made him write the word down, and down he wrathfully wrote it, *Cam*. Nor was it for some time afterwards that I was able to discover that the name he meant was Ham.

It was by a soft, moonlight evening upon Arno that we found our way under the guidance of our Byron-loving friend to the palace on the river bank once so closely associated with the poet's name, which in a year or two in Pisa will be a forgotten thing. Already — I believe — the guide-books know it not; and though the palace was untenanted of its owners, we found great difficulty in obtaining admission, were regarded as intruders and ignorants, and at last were admitted under protest only to the little garden, unchanged

since Byron's day, even to the tree in whose shadow he sat; but bearing to present visitors no association with his name. Till but a short time ago this was the Palazzo Lanfranchi, sung of by Dante under that very name, by which pilgrims might know and find it. Here it was that for a time Byron made his strange home with La Guiccioli, and with the Leigh Hunts, who only snapped at him for giving them the roof room. Here he wrote "Marino Faliero," and here he finished "Cain;" and a short distance hence, having ridden out late on horseback with friends and being stopped by the officials at the Pisa gates, he insisted on charging at them lance in rest as if with an amateur squadron of cavalry, and scattering the ranks of Bumbolo. I believe the encounter was the cause of his leaving Pisa. But all these things turn to fable. Ask for the Palazzo Lanfranchi, and in spite of Dante and Byron nobody can tell you of it. Does not a new family inhabit the place? and has not the family rechristened history after its own importance, and changed the name of the building to the Palazzo Toscanelli? These things are a painful part of the fashions of a vulgar day. But a few days before I had the greatest difficulty in identifying the marble staircase of the old Durazzo della Scala (in spite of the very name) in Genoa, because the guardian would acknowledge no name in connection with it but that of the *famiglia* who had just bought it up, whoever they were; and a few days afterwards, in the most gracious part of gracious Fiesole I asked in vain, hare-guided, for the "beautiful old palace with balustraded terraces and gardens of ancient cypresses built by Cosimo Vecchio, and the favorite residence of Lorenzo the Magnificent" — Cosimo kept four of them, the dog! — which men called the Villa Mozzi. The soft Italian name and the historic connection had departed. I was told after much inquiry that the place must now be the property of a distinguished cavaliere Americano, and properly called after him — the Villa Spence — pronounced Spenchy. Is there no Cavaliere Lubbochio in Italy to stop this sort of thing? or is the age of Odontobaph to drown us everywhere? The Italian cities — Florence especially — have so far escaped the worst of those awful advertisements upon the walls which now deface everything, till the strange man with the pickle-jar, and the manager in Claudian's blanket, mingle with one's nightmares, everywhere, and the home-

ward-bound Briton's first sight of his chalky cliffs is but to tell him of Colman's mustard. The greatest tragedian is he who advertises his dinners best; and some day, perhaps, if Pears (no disrespect to him) should buy up the royal castle by Eton, he will defy historic associations in order to get rid of all suggestion of brown Windsor, and re-name it Pears's Towers. Only Singer's sewing machines and Mrs. Allen's hair-restorer have as yet made much havoc with Italian city walls; but when this disfigurement of these walls already begun upon is continued as in Paris, where is it to end?

Away again after a glimpse of Leghorn, which alone of Italian cities seems to have no Italian characteristics at all, and is only known to sight-seers by the Jewish synagogue and the water-works — which, after all, are not unlike other water-works and synagogues, but seem to have had exactly the same monopoly when George Eliot visited the place. We visited it as a duty because we travelled with Kitchener's tickets to save trouble, and Kitchener had thrown Leghorn in. As a personal experience of Kitchener, I only found that at every Italian station I had to have my little book "visa'd" like a passport, which cost more time than taking a ticket; that in France they made a large extra charge for luggage; that in Switzerland, for a long night-journey, they would book my goods no further than the frontier, where it had all to be done again; that when from Lucerne I wanted to make a slight *détour* by Berne instead of Zurich — difference offered — Kitchener's young man in Lucerne treated me with scorn; and that, desiring to prolong my time for a few days in consequence of illness, — after much correspondence of which no record had been kept in Paris, because they had "written on a post-card" what I never got, — I had to pay a very sufficient over-tax at the Iron Road of the North. I do not know how much trouble was saved; but I know how much temper was lost. Kitchener, never again.

How odd it is to sit down a few months after date with pen and ink and an old diary, and realize how the few suggestive lines in which Messrs. Letts and Sons' (Limited) excellent No. 8 allow one to record a brief epitome of the day's events and suggestions, bring vividly to mind things which otherwise would have faded from it even in a year or so, altogether! Wise is the man or woman who keeps a diary of that kind — a diary of fact. Not more entirely unwise is he or she who

insists on keeping a record of thoughts and mental processes, from a well-informed point of view, which results always in neglect of the duty, and having to invent the processes a long time after date. That results, in its turn, in proving that thoughts and mental processes are rare, and that one is the better for not recording them. I met a very odd diarist of this kind in Venice once. He was a young American studying for the Church, and doing Europe to enlarge his mind, under contract to bring home a diary. He was always dressed in rusty black, and always very sad, and very simple. He never smiled. I never could quite feel sure if he was a donkey, or a humorist. When afterwards I learned that he had (with tears) persuaded the Venetian landlord to advance him a large sum of money instead of insisting on his bill, on the ground that he, the student, had been disappointed for the moment of his remittances from the elders,—and then at once left the town without a trace behind but a bag with a spare suit of elder black,—I concluded that he was the latter. But he was always retiring from table, as he said, "to write up his thoughts," many days in arrear. Once I got him to come with me to the top of the Campanile of St. Mark. We looked down on the sea-logged city, and lit expanse of the Lagoon. He gazed ruminatingly at the view some time without speaking, as for my part I am always content to do; and without speaking came down. As we crossed the Place homewards, he said placidly, without a muscle moving: "Venice has been very much misrepresented to me in one particular. I understood that the one fault of the views was the want of water." Was that man inventing that as a joke? Or had he met Burnand or Gilbert in his travels and been hoaxed? I never knew.

The diary of fact is the most useful and interesting of companions. In business transactions with persons of a shady order it is quite invaluable. They find it convenient to forget; but pen and ink do not; and I have known the commentless record of such and such a letter or interview on such and such a day—contents or substance so-and-so—to prove an effective check on actions at law, which disturb the equilibrium. As an instantaneous photograph in little of facts and places and observations, it is always delightful and instructive in another way; a solace of tired hours and a conjuror of quaint associations. Should I have remembered, but for this entry of concentrated wrath, the

troubles of a parsimonious Kitchener which it describes? "April 23-24. In the wrong place at the A—Hotel. A mean and expensive caravanseraï, full of a particular form of British female aristocrat. Supercilious to everybody else and rowdy amongst themselves. Dowdily dressed both ways. . . . Swindled at the A—beyond anything I remember. 50fr. odd for a passing night, with only 5fr. of wine included, 10fr. for an attic, and 7/50 for some three liqueur glasses of ordinary cognac, for illness. Removal to E—Hotel." These be small miseries, no doubt; but the extraordinary inequality of the Italian charges nowadays should put the traveller on his guard. This hole upon the Arno was ruinous; at Spezia we had rejoiced in a large entresol apartment, all air and comfort, a picturesque hotel of loggias and of gardens—the polyglot table-d'hôte and a carriage by the bay included, for a sum as absurdly small. The charges of Milan—and I have tried it pretty well all round—are the abomination of desolation; whereas the Hotel B—, of the incomparable Mr. Franck, at Bologna, is the traveller's ideal. Italy is perfect if the sun would shine on any definite principle, and if there were anything to eat, or drink, or smoke. In Bologna, traveller, pause at the Hotel B—to eat, and stay over two or three days for square meals. Everybody knows Bologna; a kind of glorified Clapham Junction, where everybody must at some time be found; and there is nothing to be seen there except Mr. Franck's hotel, a fine old palace of the kind which hotelize so well. He spent his hundreds not long since in draining it entirely on the English system, till it was a miracle of sweetness. His servants are the pink of attention, and his table the blue tassel of cookery, and his wines, made in his own vineyards by German rule (Italians never keep their wine long enough, I believe, and it does something wrong in fermenting) are to be remembered. The red *Bologna scelto* and the choice white *Pinot*, will he not deliver them, if in a sufficient number of dozens, free at your English door for the price of *ordinaire*? And did he not show me with pride an English telegram from India, asking for it even there? Satisfied and happy I left Mr. Franck, and never grew wroth again in the hotel matter till I found myself at Stresa, starved with one hand and skinned with the other. One of the chief human pictures left on my mind at this date is of two dear old ladies, one French and the other English, who had

made a silent friendship as not adept in each other's tongue. The English dame was the boldest, and when her friend, who was invalid, retired early to bed, each evening she took her hand tenderly and spake as follows:—

"S kavoose allyvoo ryposo?"

When they first met in the morning the formula was this:—

"S kavoose avvyvoo ryposo?"

It was very nice.

But I have wandered from Florence and the diary. "April 25.—At 4 Madame ——'s carriage came, and took us to the Villa S——, on Montughi. A miracle utterly unexpected. An Oriental dream of magnificence almost barbaric, but regulated by perfect taste. The finest armory I have seen (Madrid remembered), tapestries, frescoes, pictures old and new, Cordova leather, strange cabinets, statues, Louis XV., boudoirs and kitchens after the mediæval, china and bühl and damask and Florentine gilding, in an endless succession of rooms and a Monte Cristo profusion. A thing to remember in its kind always, and to revisit for a long day." No modester and simpler man to be found than S——, whose life, like his father's before him, has been devoted to the building up of this strange and unique museum, in the middle of which S——, bachelor, semi-English, makes his own modest home in a couple of little rooms of the most English kind, with fireplaces and surroundings of true English make. The place started on one like Aladdin's palace, and I half expected to see it disappear slowly skywards, over the coronetted hill of Fiesole, past the church of the *cipollino* columns, across grounds historical at every point, in some connection or other — where on one side of the road memories of Boccaccio and of Dante contrast with records on the other so diverse as of Lorenzo, of old Capponi, and the sweet singer Mario, all bathed alike in floods of roses and of purple Indian-chestnut blossom; and, alas for the profanity, in an Egyptian plague of beggars and of touts. On the brow of fair Fiesole these nerve-corroding gentry seem by general consent to have made their principal home. "Anti!" our driver sighed out with more expression than usual, as he managed to leave them behind. That sound is the nearest approach that Florentine nature will allow to the trouble of saying "*Avanti*." For a long time I thought they called their horses "Aunty." Cheek by jowl with these characteristic memories, I find in that remorseless diary the following

jotting for the day's end: "After dinner T—— came and took us to Teatro Nicolini, to hear 'L'ombra,' of Flotow, in Italian. Easy music and a nice prima donna. But it was tiresome, and the proceedings — well, rather mixed. Rum punch in the theatre, and stewed oysters and white wine afterwards. Hospitable, but not in the *genius loci*." Well no, perhaps not exactly; any more than the whiskey and soda for threepence, truly an astonishing price for an excellent beverage, wherewith man may keep the Italian weather out in the little wine-shop near the E—— Hotel.

I shall not forget the eager delight with which a wandering Briton from Naples, growing sour of disposition over the vicissitudes of the E——, announced to me at the table-d'hôte his discovery of this wondrous boon. No, nor the alacrity with which I followed him into the jaws of that pleasant temptation, in entire oblivion of the *genius loci*, and of Savonarola. My own local genius had been just brought back to me in the first English newspaper I had seen for some time, as on holiday I eschew them. It recorded at much length the novel fact that a particular company of gentlemen had been entertaining one of their number at dinner and the pleasant things they all said about each other afterwards. "Among the company present were ——" here I covered my eyes and guessed the names; and behold they had been revealed to me. Strange, was it not? The *genius loci* was at it at home in the usual way; and was I not in the right to take off my hat apart to those distinguished men, and pledge all their astonishing qualities in a threepenny Florentine whiskey-and-soda, with my friend from Naples? He had a sweet little daughter for travelling companion, who told me, in answer to my yearnings for that Italian climate which was always somewhere else, but southward at Naples especially, that she had been there just a month, and that the weather "made her cry the whole time." Oh, ye travellers' tales, where is the truth? Did not even Mr. Franck of Bologna, when he had descended from the wonderful Apennine line after a sight of nothing but mist, blandly assure us that until that day no rain to speak of had fallen in that city for weeks, but that May was certainly a month too soon to be sure of fine weather? It did not matter in Bologna, because we ate; but in a forgetful confidence he informed us as we left, that the year before it had rained all June without stopping. I began to get nightmares after this blow;

and shivering over a fire at Bellagio ten days later, yet amid general groanings over the unheard-of time, I remembered how, when I was last on Como, as recorded in another paper, the frost and hail had distinguished themselves in June. Literal extracts suggest themselves to me here, or I should soon be talked out of my own memory. Home-staying reader, here are a few; and console yourself over the weather forecasts of our maligned island:

April 20. Spezia, glorious at last: a day for the Italy madness. (And so on for a week.)

27. (Florence.) Wet night and April day: but close.

28. Wet and black day again. A stroll after dinner: sent in by rain.

29. Awful weather. "Always for the races" they say. Used to be in March; but as it "always rained" they changed it to April, when it did the same.

30. One glorious hour between the rains, for the Boboli Gardens. [Here the Pepysian spirit seems to have failed me on this subject till another despairing entry.]

May 5. The same extraordinary weather. Constant black cloud struggling with sun. Just like the Anglo-Russ war, can't make up its mind whether to break out or no. . . . Thunderstorm as I write, "clearing the air" of any good weather there was.

6. Another black, cloudy day.

11. Wet morning, and fine afternoon.

12. Rain turned to Acheron: and all hopes of fine seem gone.

13. Left Florence in thick black rain: as at different times, Milan, Venice, Verona, Nice, and everything else Italian.

15. (Bologna.) At 10 A.M. pouring. No use to move, and felt really "weather-beaten." Have not seen the sun, except in an attack of spasms, since Saturday, the 25th ult.

16. A fine day!!! Real Italy, everybody says: but more like Sunbourn. Landlord says it must last a week. I say 48 hours.

17. (Milan.) I was credulous. Black as night again. Train to Como and to lake-boat, just in time to catch pouring rain for the voyage.

18. (Bellagio) A real treat, clouds everywhere — in the water and all. Pelting rain all night and day, with Cadenabbia hardly visible. Mountains all snow, and thunder and lightning growing all day in the hills, as if the bad weather had something to complain of! Nobody could stir out even in the national costume,* and one couldn't get to the post for letters. Huge fires. Put on my winterest things again, laid aside at Florence under the national delusion. . . . Heavy north wind fighting the clouds at nightfall, with strong cavalry sweep from the Alp-slopes. May it prevail!

19. It did prevail! "Get out," said Mrs. Guppy (north-wind), to the clouds. And they did get out. . . .

* Mackintosh and umbrella, as in last paper.

"Und so weiter — und so weiter," as sang or might have sung over Como waters if there were such a song, the sweet adopted cousin-German of our travel, Adelgunde M. I am happy on the Italian lakes in the Christian names of my foreign-tongued lady-loves of passage, which the permanent occupant of the inner shrine doesn't mind. Breakfasting under the trees of the Isola Bella, on Maggioro, whither we all travelled in company, I listened to Adelgunde's wonderful voice trolling out "Una voce" to the music of two wandering minstrels whose instruments seemed to sing too, and a very congregation of bright-clad fisher-folk and boatmen gathered at the gate. And I remembered how on my visit to the island two or three years before, I had been captivated by the olive darkness of Antoinetta C. da Milano — as now by the flaxen fairness of her aus Bremen. Ladies! a wanderer's homage to you!

No more weather extracts will I make from that too veracious diary, as I turn its pages on. Let me leave it to kind hearts to imagine how soon after that last entry I find it written down, "Last! I should think not!" After all, what does it matter? It is not the pleasures but the pains of these holiday wanderings — these arch-gymnastics for body and for mind — that are spread like poppies. The last are things to laugh at, bringing humors in their train. The former are things to love. Did I not swear only last month that I would growl no more? I have not. The oddities of the diary reminders have tempted me to laugh — not growl. What are the little discomforts they recall, compared to the moving panorama of art's choicest and nature's best, that every page of Italian record always brings before one? They live and pass again — the eight soft coves of Spezia, between the town and the Porto di Venero, with its fairy glimpses of open sea and lateen sails, caught through the blocks of the yellow-veined stone; Pisa's marbled glories; and the endless treasure-house of Florence. I am no writer of guides, and sometimes shrink from the audacities of criticism, not understanding why Mr. Hare should call the Niobe, fair as she is, "indescribably sublime," and depreciate with a comic imparity the great Michael Angelo monuments. I suppose he knows, or thinks he does. I am grateful that I do not, and can dwell with an eye of impartial love upon the marvels all; on the wonderful chapel of the Chiostro Verde, tenanted now of soldiers for Dominicans,

and Cimabue's strange and darkly placed Madonna; on the records in the Convent of St. Mark of the twin heroes of the place, so different in nature and in life — Fra Angelico of all painters the most simply believing, and Savonarola of all reformers the most inexorably bold; one day upon a picture of Raphael, and another upon Millais rendered by himself in the no-nonsense-about-me spirit, near to the prettiest piece of self-portraiture known, the sweet woman's face of Lebrun; now upon the mask from Dante's dead face, and now upon the contemporary work of the painter Gordigiani, or the sculptor Albano, amongst whose exquisite things one comes suddenly across a speaking bust of Gladstone, modelled in one morning from a photograph; upon solitary Carthusian monks, very few in number now, still keeping alive the silent system in the fair Certosa — or upon small Florentine Christians being added to the flock, on a system anything but silent, under the grand mosaics of the baptistery octagon. So too in the intervals of sunfulness were the rich Italian colors the richer for the rain; the far peaks and swelling valleys the clearer cut and riper in shape and hue; and the singular green-gold, which is the special feature of Italian landscape coloring, the more wonderful in its compulsion of a silent worship. Nowhere so perfect, so wavy, so beautiful almost to tears, as in the little sub-Alpine lake peninsula which juts northward into the waters between the Lecco and Como arms, and ends in Serbelloni on Bellagio.

Not content with researches in nature and in art, I prosecuted some scientific enquiries of mine, during these last year wanderings, into the cholera germ. And I hold it to be in no doubt that the true *bacillus* is dispensed in Italy at the chemist's shops, and is rather dear. Reader! have you ever marked a little pharmacy at the entrance of the Via T —, on the right as you leave the river, which calls itself Anglo-American? A man of uncertain race sits spider-like in the door, to catch people in search of the English chemist's a little further up. I came upon a friend at the E — Hotel who had just fallen into his hands. He wanted a doctor, having a touch of dysentery, and asked this man for one. The man said he was a doctor himself, and would prescribe. He prescribed lying on the back for twenty-four hours — six drastic powders at intervals — a strong plaster externally applied, with no food but soup, and a medicinal cordial wine of his own inven-

tion. I rescued the victim just in time, about to take to his back, and gloomy. Remembering my Como chemist and the chloral, I insisted upon doing the doctoring myself, and substituted a half-crown bottle of British chalk mixture, two doses of which restored the patient entirely. Intense disappointment looked out of the spider's eyes when he saw my friend walk out whole the next morning; it being his way to make his foreign patients very ill first, and send for a doctor to make the best of them afterwards. His bill for the baleful two minutes which his fly had spent in the web, was fifteen francs for drugs, and fifteen more for "medical advice." It was not paid — but the spider was politely referred to the British consulate, and I believe was heard of no more. That cholera would have been inevitable if the remedies had been carried out, seems clear; and the anecdote may be worth Dr. Koch's attention.

Two more dissolving views, and my little tale of travel is told. The first is of a boatman, the second of a dog — both unexplainable oddities. We took the first upon the Lake of Zurich (then homeward bound) one evening at six, for an hour. As soon as he got a little way out, he rested deliberately on his oars quite half the time, and produced a parcel and a bottle, to which he kept applying vigorously at intervals. When we rather remonstrated as having paid for our hour, he grew quite pathetic about his *abendessen*, and appealed to us not to grudge it him, because "he had had nothing to eat since *one!*" (We, by parenthesis, had had nothing since eleven.) When he could eat and drink no more, he began recitations. Anything rather than row. Standing in the stern of the boat as they do, he gave vivid descriptions of the localities and objects of interest, particularly the railway works, and at last grew wildly eloquent over the freezing of the lake in 1880 (Lucerne never freezes, he informed us, because of subaqueous springs), and the wonderful sights to be seen upon it. How all the skates in the country-side were bought up, and of the fortunes that were made out of the industry. Our German not being quite up to his view of the mark, he suddenly burst into a violent "negro dance" in the stern of the boat to indicate skating, and nearly upset the whole thing; then wound up an eloquent peroration about the doings of the thirty thousand who had been on the ice at once with — "Wonderful! *Bier — wein — cognac — studenten*, und — und — *lunch!*"

This English triumph in a pure Swiss accent was the climax, and finished our hour. We astonished our boatman with his gratuity, for I have seldom fallen in with a more honest and laughable oddity. But I doubt if he rowed more than a hundred yards.

And the dog? whom the new muzzle fever has recalled again to me. My big Newfoundland chum looks up at me now as if he knew at once that he is getting into dog company; and I believe he does know, and sniffs it on my pen. It was a long, shaggy, Como-side retriever, who apparently for no reason volunteered his escort at Varenna, after we had been wandering through the Stelvio galleries, dim prototypes of St. Gothard engineering.

We had passed the little inn which was his headquarters, a few minutes before he saw us, when he came tearing along the road to Fiumelatte fall, for which we were making. Our first notion was that he contemplated assault, but he only wanted to join the society, and with us he persisted in going, ever and again making a direct personal appeal to me to take his muzzle off. Along the road and up the hill he went with us some three miles, to the falling water's subterranean spring, where, finding a level space of turf which might be outside the arm of the law, he proceeded to lie down, and scientifically to remove the muzzle for himself with his fore paws. As soon as it was hanging conveniently round his neck, he made for a henroost and killed a chicken. Then he ciceroned us still (unmistakably wagging out for us the best points of view), and as we came down to the lake-ferry at the foot, he preceded us to the water, and sate in it to cool himself. When the ferry-boat started he began swimming after us, and looked sad and disillusioned when we unwillingly turned him back. Was this instinctive sympathy? did he want to be adopted? or what? The ferryman told us that the dog was a respected inhabitant, and though friendly, not generally of this mind at all. I wonder if we unwittingly had here one of those lost opportunities which fill our lives, and forfeited a lifelong friend? There was something wrong; for — thing incredible in Italy — it began to rain hard before we had crossed the lake. What a contrast was this to our next canine reception, when the huge historic black dog of the Schweitzerhof met us on the steps of that universal travellers' home! He was there before it was built, I verily believe; and the absolute indifference with which he takes instant

stock of every new-coming tourist, and turns his head away from peer and person, from Amurath and 'Arry, with a resigned "There's nothing in any of you," is an epitome of philosophy. The pyramids of Egypt are nothing to him. He has looked on literally everybody. In nobody is there for him, or can there be, anything new. Anybody may pat him; it neither pleases nor displeases him in the least. He takes no notice. He is washed and groomed every morning in the stable like a horse, to make up for the exercise which he must not take; for if he meets another black dog he kills him. Other sign of feeling he shows none; and if ever he meets with anything new in man, I believe he will die. Once when I called him, and he took two full paw-steps after me, I began to think I was original; but he gave it up immediately, and acknowledged me no more. We toasted him that evening — our cousins-German the M—s and we, who had made final rendezvous at the Schweitzerhof before parting for our homes — in the old verse of good wishes, with which I venture to make my bow to any reader of the *Bar* who may have found any interest or amusement in these odds and ends of journey.

Liebe, trinke, scherze, schwärme!
Ich erfreue mich mit dir;
Härme, dich, als ich mich härme,
Und sei wieder froh mit mir.

From The Contemporary Review.
THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD:
A FIGHT FOR ART

I.

THE following pages tell without evasion or disguise the story of my connection with an association (founded in the year 1848 by three young painters) which has since become famous under the name of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and tell it for the first time. For all that has been written on this subject during the last thirty years has come from without, from more or less partial or prejudiced sources, and it is time this should be remedied. Several causes have combined to make me think that the present time is a fitting one to break the long silence of nearly forty years; to say plainly what was the share I took in the origin and development of this movement. Amongst these causes, the most powerful perhaps is, that owing to the collection of Millais's works which is now at the Grosvenor

Gallery, and the collection of my own paintings which is being exhibited at the Fine Art Society,* our early (and late) pictures are now before the public at the same time. The third member of our little company, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, poet and painter, died two years since, and after his death his pictures were exhibited at the Royal Academy. The public, therefore, has now before it all the results of our work, and it seems desirable it should also learn something of the manner in which that work came to be done; the motives which prompted, the obstacles which hindered, and the friends who encouraged it.

I will endeavor to tell this story quite plainly and simply, without rhetoric or exaggeration, hoping that it may perhaps not only serve the cause of truth, but in some small measure encourage young students who are striving to-day, amidst many hindrances, after true forms of art, and seeking them amidst the exhaustless treasures of nature, and the ever-changing conditions of life and knowledge. It is mainly in this hope that I have set down the record which follows.

My father was from the first strongly opposed to my becoming an artist; he had had reason to see the ill effects of a loafing, idle life, and he believed, in accordance with the general opinion of those days, that artists were necessarily of a reckless, frivolous character, and led a useless, unstable life. So, finding that at school I scribbled more designs than exercises in my copybooks, he removed me from school when I was about twelve and a half years old, with the intention of placing me in some City office. Owing to a fortunate accident, I was placed with an auctioneer and estate agent as a sort of probationary clerk, and one day my master, coming into the office hurriedly, caught me putting away something in my desk, and, insisting upon seeing it, discovered that I could draw. This led to inquiries on his part as to whether I had painted, and it turned out that he was himself fond of art, and, whenever he could get a chance, practised painting. "One day," he said to me, "when there's nothing much to be done, you and I will shut ourselves in here and have a day's painting together;" and so it happened. Here were the tables turned upon my father with a vengeance! I was getting artistic encouragement from the very employer who should have been instilling

into me commercial principles. This lasted about a year and a half, when, owing to my employer's retirement from business, I obtained another situation in the City at a Manchester warehouse in Cateaton Street, managed by a London agent of Richard Cobden. Here I sat by myself in a little room looking out on three blank walls, and made entries in a ledger, and seemed farther than ever from my desire of becoming an artist. But here too, curiously enough, another artistic friend turned up in the person of an occasional clerk whose business it was to design patterns for the firm's calicoes, etc., etc. Surreptitiously I also used to try my hand at designing, and attained sufficient proficiency to enable my friend to make use of my designs on various occasions. I remember an amusing incident of this period, which gave me great delight at the time. The window of my room was made of ground glass, and, having but little to do, I passed my time drawing with both pen and pencil flies upon its roughened surface. A good blot of ink sufficed for the body, and some delicate strokes with a hard pencil for the wings, and at a short distance the deception was perfect. Day by day the number of flies in that room increased, till one day, my employer coming in, stopped suddenly in front of the window and said, "I can't make out how it is; every day I come into this room there seem to be more flies in it," and he took out his handkerchief to brush them away.

So the time went on slowly till I had been nearly a year and a half in the City, and disliked it more day by day. My father allowed me to spend my little salary in taking lessons of a city portrait-painter, for it was only as a profession that he disapproved of artistic employment. The lessons I received from this artist ingrained certain habits and traditional practices of which in after years I had much trouble to be rid. My master was in his faults as well as his virtues a follower of Sir Joshua Reynolds. The incident which put an end to my City life was at the outset apparently a very trivial one. When my employer had been out of town for some days and there was little to do in the office, an old orange-woman, well enough known at that time about the City warehouses, entered, and complaining bitterly of her lack of custom, entreated me to buy something "just for a hansom." "I tell you what I'll do," said I; "I won't buy any oranges, but, if you've really got nothing to do, sit down

* 148 New Bond Street.

here, and I'll paint your portrait." Old Hannah was delighted with the idea, and then and there I painted her on a bit of sized paper, "in her habit as she lived," her basket on her head and an orange in her hand. To make a long story short, this led to my retirement; my master happened to come in and see the portrait where it was pinned up to dry behind the door; he showed it to several people, and the knowledge of it came to my father's ears. And my determination to be a painter having been increased by this little success, I told him so frankly. I would be an artist, and nothing but an artist, and if he kept me in the City till I was twenty-one, he would only be taking away so much of my chance of doing anything in the profession. I was then sixteen. After many objections, my father yielded so far as to allow me to try at my own risk. He was at this time hampered by a desperate lawsuit which took away half his savings.

I just managed to pay my expenses by painting portraits three days per week, whilst on the others I drew at the British Museum, in the Sculpture Gallery, and the Print Room. It was a hard fight. Sometimes I copied pictures, sometimes acted as journeyman to other copyists, but the most curious part of my work was that of altering existing portraits to suit the fancy of their owners. My first commission of this kind was, I remember, from a Mr. Godfrey. He had a portrait of which he did not like the expression or dress, so he employed me to put another coat on the figure, and alter his expression. All this I faithfully executed to his satisfaction, and was duly paid. Still, these windfalls were rare; and though many people had told me at the time of old Hannah's portrait that they would give me commissions if I would set up as an artist, when I did so they thought — naturally enough, I suppose — that they would wait till I had gained more experience. A year went by. I had tried to gain admission as a student at the Academy, and been rejected, and again I tried with a like result. Then my father spoke very seriously. I was wasting my time and energy; I should do no good as a painter. My drawings were clever enough for friends to admire, but between them and the professional there was a great gulf, and so on; winding up with, that he would allow me to try once more, but, if that failed, I must "go back to the City." To this I reluctantly consented, and, a year and a half after I left my high stool in the warehouse, sent in my third drawing

to the Academy, and was at last successful. I had, however, despite all my energy, a long way to make up with fellow-students who had begun years before myself. Millais (then about fifteen) though two years younger than myself, had already won the principal medal in the Antique School before I had gained admission to the Academy. Indeed, I was, in fact, slow in proving my ability in such exercises as were set for us in the Antique School, and many dunces at first distanced me in the Academicians' favor. I had, however, already made the acquaintance of Millais over a drawing in the British Museum. And here, before I begin to describe our associateship, let us pause for a minute and see what chance of instruction in the highest art there was at this time for a young student.

There was indeed no systematic education then to be obtained amongst the leaders of art, of whom the principal had had a hard struggle to keep their art themselves alive during all the days of poverty which followed the Napoleonic wars. Of these perhaps the greatest, as he was certainly the most unfortunate, was Haydon, who had striven for years, with light purse and heavy debts, to do justice to his powers. His later works bore increasing evidence of haste, of pinched means, and ill-lit studios, of want of the living model, and perhaps, too, of exhausted faith and soured spirit. He committed suicide about one year after I had embarked as an artist (1844), and the gloom of his failure increased my father's anxiety on my behalf for many years. This artist was the last who had attempted to have a school for painters in England, and those who had become famous under his instruction had done so in ways as different from his own as could well be conceived. Was there any living man whom I could choose as a model? I could not think so. Though I looked upon many with boundless wonder and admiration, I could see none who stood directly on the road which seemed the only one for me. In my admiration of Landseer I had been one of the public, but as an artist my feeling towards him was very different. He did works of real point and poetry, but the pomatum-y texture of his painting, and absence of firm bone beneath his skins, and the general melting away of every form into shapeless cloud, was most uninteresting to me. Beginning with a life of twenty years' failure and heroic effort, Etty had become the rage. His "Syrrens," the "Holofernes," and the diploma

picture, will always justify a great reputation, but he had lost a degree of robustness he once had, and at last was painting classic subjects with the taste of a Parisian paper-hanger. He retained a consummate mastery of the brush and of paint, with a richness of tints and tones that made it quite his due to rank among the great colorists of the world, but his current paintings were cloyed in their richness and sweetness, and his forms were muddled, and even indelicate in the evidence they bore of being servilely copied from stripped models, who had been distorted by the modiste's art. It was natural at first to look to Mulready as the master who would be a safe guide, for he was most painstaking and student-like to the last, and single-handed had striven to reach an unattained perfection; but his drawing was without any bold line, and he was injured by his taste for prettiness. Mac-lise was a wonderful draughtsman, and had a sterling power of invention, but the Milesian instinct for glamor and melodramatic vulgarities seldom allowed him freedom to appear at his best, as he did so triumphantly later in the "Waterloo." Leslie, in the front rank of figure-painters, was to me the most thoroughly inspired with sweet simplicity, the taste for healthy color, and the power of giving unaffected expression to his characters; but his was essentially a miniature style. One cannot imagine any painting of his of life-size, and the two scales of workmanship need independent apprenticeship. William Collins at the last did some admirable figure pictures with rustic but Crabbe-like sentiment; but he, too, could not be considered as a master for ideal work. William Dyce was the most profoundly trained and cultured of all the painters, but his reward had been to be driven from the profession altogether for several years, and then he had to be searched for by the advice of the German painter Cornelius, given when he himself declined the honor—offered with true British prejudice to a foreigner—to paint the Houses of Parliament. Dyce, when too late to find a fair field for his genius, had thus recommenced his career. Had he had a better chance, he might have influenced the English school very strongly. Excepting others who have sunk into deserved oblivion, the above comprise the men in the front rank who painted figures. Turner was rapidly disappearing in a gorgeous sunset. The younger men gave evidence of the want of a leader by their diversity. Many were painters of great faculty. Ward, being

dead, may be noted as having then already painted some interesting pictures illustrating the lives of the poets. Some who had distinguished themselves at Westminster Hall for a time had disappeared. I had no acquaintance with any of the greater or the lesser men, except in contact, occurring late in my studentship in the Life School, with the full Academicians.

The majority of my compeers and immediate elders were worshippers of Etty, and inquired not at all of the beginning of his greatness, but strove to display at least equal mastery in execution to that which he had. Some followed other masters, but it amused me to observe that all alike adduced the Greeks and Raphael as the prophets to sanctify their courses, and all took fire at the suggestion that the solid ground beneath their feet alone was the foundation on which the greatest could stand. There was no discrimination then with artists, more than with the public, that Guido, Parmegiano and Le Brun, Murillo, Sasso Ferrato, and such crew, were birds of a different feather from their great idols, so that the name of the princely Urbinate was made to cover all conventional art. We knew less of Michael Angelo in England then, with the Sistine Chapel and the Medici tombs unphotographed; and Tintoretto was not known in his might at all. In the painting-schools, sober discussion seemed very unprofitable. When I put down my brush—which was not often—I preferred to joke, and I accepted the railing description of "flat blasphemy" until my outspoken denunciation of the gods became a password, though the students had no great faith in my sincerity. How could it be credited that one was in earnest, saying that Murillo's large "Holy Family" in the National Gallery was rubbish? Altogether it was evident that I had to be my own master, getting dumb direction from the great of other ages, and correction of defects in my daily tasks from intelligent elder fellow students and the well-intentioned keeper at the Academy, Mr. George Jones, who was eager to be of use.

Such was the state of art instruction in England, at the date when I entered the Academy and first became acquainted with Millais. Rossetti was also a student there at that time, of which I shall have occasion to speak presently. The first bit of genuine instruction which I received, and one, moreover, which in some ways perhaps determined the whole of the course of my artistic life, came about in

this wise. While engaged in copying "The Blind Fiddler" a visitor looking over me said that Wilkie painted it without any dead coloring, but finished each bit as fresco was done. The speaker had been the painter's pupil, and had been taught the same practice, which he kindly proved later by showing his own work. I looked at all paintings now with the question whether it had been so with them. It was a revelation to me, and I began to trace the purity of work in the quattrocentists to this drilling of undeviating manipulation which fresco-painting had furnished to them, and I tried to put aside the loose, irresponsible handling to which I had been trained, and which was universal at the time, and to adopt the plan of painting which allowed no excuse for a false touch. I was not able to succeed completely in all parts of my work, but the taste for clean work, for clear forms and tints, grew in me, and the quattrocentist work, as I saw it in the Francias, the Garafola, the Van Eyck, and the others, became dearer to me as I progressed in my attempt to purify my style. I attempted humble subject-pictures during my earliest student days, and sent them to the exhibitions, and was favored by admittance; they were honest, though sometimes bungling, examples of my advancing aims. Careful observation and the reading of "Lanzi" convinced me that all the great Italian artists, including the cinquecentists, had grown from a training of patient self-restraint, imposed by masters who had never indulged their hands in uncertainty and dash, and that the wise and enthusiastic pupils had delighted in the devotion of humility till far on in their maturity. The dandelion clock in the "St. Catherine" by Raphael, and the flowers — notably the purple flag blossoms — in the "Bacchus and Ariadne" by Titian, were edifying examples of this spirit in the highest masters, altogether, as it seemed, overlooked by modern students.

Dulwich Gallery was one of my haunts. There I observed that an early portrait of his mother by Rubens had unexpectedly this characteristic of care and humility; and a portrait by Holbein there fascinated me with its delicate painting. It was of a man possessing a stubby white beard. It is now forty-two years since I have seen these, but more notable examples of early practice have confirmed the conclusions they forced upon me, that in art, as in other pursuits, it is a loss in the end both for schools and for individuals to begin as masters. My business was, however, only

for myself. I had to find out a path for my own feet, and for mine only. I had no temptation to think of founding a school. By nature, and by the encouragement of my City painting-master, I was slovenly, and impatient for result. Once having decided this to be my besetting sin, I had pursuing proofs of the need of self-restraint. What might be profitable as a course for other students was shut out to me, and, as I sought in every direction for the guidance of my own steps, so it seemed to me it was necessary for others to do, since there was no systematic instruction to be had.

This was my state of mind in those first days of studentship, in which, be it remembered, I had somehow or other to support myself by my brush in the intervals of regular study. Millais and myself used to talk about painting and our tasks at home much to the effect of the foregoing pages, and I at this time raised his opinion of me by showing him a picture of mine on its way to the British Institution. In return, his power dazzled me both in a painting of "Elgiva" and in the large picture of "The Widow's Mite," which I saw in his studio before it was sent to the Westminster Hall competition. I remember with pleasure still his impulsive introduction of me to his parents as "the student who drew so well." After this he came to my studio and saw a picture of mine (never finished), and later "The Escape of Madeleine and Porphyro," from "The Eve of St. Agnes."

But before I had begun to paint either of these pictures an event of no little importance occurred to me; a fellow-student, one Telfer, spoke to me of Ruskin's "Modern Painters," and ended by lending it for a few days.

Up to that time I had thought that the world regarded art as a sort of vagabondish cleverness; that it was almost a disgrace to have a passion for art in modern times, and that it was useless to hope that modern intellect would profess its enthusiasm for it. I name this with full knowledge that it reveals a one-sided acquaintance with the society of the day. To get through the book I had to sit up most of the night more than once, and I returned it before I had got half the good there was in it; but, of all readers, none so strongly as myself could have felt that it was written expressly for him. When it had gone, the echo of its words stayed with me and pealed a further meaning and value in their inspiration whenever my more solemn feelings were touched in any way.

At this time I was neglecting my chances as a portrait-painter, somewhat unintelligibly to my household, and I am afraid my course seemed altogether negligent and thoughtless. I had sold a picture from "Woodstock," in the previous exhibition, for £20 to a prizewinner in the Art Union. This I spent on a picture never completed. I commenced "The Eve of St. Agnes" picture on the 6th of February. A double portrait taxed my daylight very much, so that I had to paint much of this Keats picture by candle-light. One single visitor, when I was at home in the daytime, came during this period. He had been brought by a fellow-student, and was an idle man then, and used to sit by the fire while I worked, discoursing mainly of the country, and of churches there, and their architectural features, of brasses, and other antiquarian matters of some moment to me. It seemed unaccountable to me that he should have any interest in coming. Mark what was in reserve! I sent my painting in about the 6th of April, and I put the price of £70 upon it. Soon after the Art Union list was published, and Mr. Bridger, my visitor, was shown to have a £70 prize. I could not resist the temptation to write to him, pointing out that the amount of his prize was the exact price of my work, as he would see in the Academy list, and that I hoped it would please him to buy it. His reply was, curtly, that he should look at all the pictures for sale; that, if mine was the best, he should choose it; if not, he should take another. But after looking for a month or more, he came at last to mine, and bought it. The picture was finished in Millais's studio; we worked together late through the night for company. His picture was "Cymon and Iphigenia," and once, in return for some drapery I did in his picture, he painted a hand of one of the revellers in mine, which I can now distinguish by its precise touching, noticed by me at the time. It is the left hand of the man throwing his head back towards the spectator.

On the first day of the exhibition I had a repetition of an experience of the previous year, for Rossetti came up boisterously, and in loud tongue made me feel very confused by declaring that mine was the best picture of the year. The fact that it was from Keats made him extra enthusiastic, for I think no painter had ever before painted from this wonderful poet, who then, it may scarcely be credited, was little known. I had never seen any but the original edition of his work (alas!

since lost by lending). Rossetti frankly asked me to let him call upon me; before, I had only been on nodding terms with him in the school. He had always a following of noisy students there, and these had kept me from approaching him with more than a nod, except when once I found him perched on some steps drawing Ghiberte, whom I also studied; that nobody else did so had given us subject for ten minutes' talk. It was thus "The Eve of St. Agnes" which first brought the three future Pre-Raphaelite brethren into intimate relations.

In a few days more he was in my studio, talking about his position, his work, and his prospects. He was then greatly disheartened about his studies from still life, which his master, Madox Brown, had insisted upon his doing. I had been content to see F. Madox Brown's works at Westminster Hall with great silent recognition of the genius in the picture of "The Body of Harold brought before William the Conqueror," but Rossetti, with more leisure, had taken the pains to find him out and induce the painter to take him as pupil, which he had done on the terms of a friend. In this way Rossetti had been set, according to all sound rule, to paint still life and to copy a picture. The repetition he had achieved, but the *bottles*, which he dwelt upon to me, tormented his soul beyond power of endurance; and he had turned to Leigh Hunt by letter, asking him to be good enough to read some of his poems, and tell him whether he would do well or not to rely upon poetry for his bread. My namesake had replied in the most polite and complimentary manner about the verses, but he had implored him for his own sake, if he had any prospect whatever as a painter, on no account to give it up, for the life of a poet was too pitiable to be chosen in cool blood, and thus he had been sent back again to consider painting as his main means of support. Was it necessary, he asked, to go again to the "bottles"? I assured him of my great deference to the high judgment of his master, but ventured to say that, although in all but extraordinary cases I should prescribe the same course to any pupil, for him I should decide that the object might be gained by choosing one of his recent designs (seen and admired by Millais and myself, as they had come round in a folio belonging to a designing club of which we were members), that this composition should be put upon canvas, that the work should be taken up first with the

still life, that, thus invested with vital interest as a link in an idea to be developed, it would furnish him with the exercise needful to prepare his spirit for the essential core of the poem he had to paint. This opinion he accepted as a suggestion to be at once adopted, and, that I might explain it in detail, he applied to me for half of the studio which I was just taking. I agreed to this, and, after a visit together to Rochester and Blackheath (reading Monckton Milnes's "Life and Letters of Keats" on the way), we took possession of our roughly prepared painting-room (1848).*

This was my first actual departure from the paternal roof, and, to begin the world, I had the £70 from the Art Union and about £7 from portraits. The first picture I had determined to paint was a scene from "Rienzi," an expensive one in models of men and horses; with which last my good friend Mr. John Blount Price helped me. He had previously lent me his bloodhound for the "St. Agnes Eve." The armor had to be borrowed, and journeys for landscape background and foreground made; so that the sum in hand did not go as far as it would have done with many paintings making greater display.

I gained many advantages by our partnership. Rossetti had then, perhaps, a greater acquaintance with the poetical literature of Europe than any living man. His storehouse of treasures seemed inexhaustible. If he read twice or thrice a long poem, it was literally at his tongue's end; and he had a voice rarely equalled for simple recitations. Another gain was in the occasional visits of F. M. Brown, the painter of the historical frescoes in the Manchester Town Hall, who kindly gave me advice when he had ended his counsel to Rossetti, and always explained his judgment by careful reasoning and anecdote.

The companionship of Rossetti and myself soon brought about a meeting with Millais, at whose house one night we found a book of engravings of the frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa. It was probably the finding of this book at this special time which caused the establishment of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Millais, Rossetti, and myself were all seeking for some sure ground, some starting-point for our art which would be secure, if it were ever so humble. As we

searched through this book of engravings, we found in them, or thought we found, that freedom from corruption, pride, and disease for which we sought. Here there was at least no trace of decline, no conventionality, no arrogance. Whatever the imperfection, the whole spirit of the art was simple and sincere — was, as Ruskin afterwards said, "eternally and unalterably true." Think what a revelation it was to find such work at such a moment, and to recognize it with the triple enthusiasm of our three spirits. If Newton could say of his theory of gravitation, that his conviction of its truth increased tenfold from the moment in which he got one other person to believe in it, was it wonderful that, when we three saw, as it were, in a flash of lightning, this truth of art, it appealed to us almost with the force of a revolution? Neither then nor afterwards did we affirm that there was not much healthy and good art after the time of Raphael; but it appeared to us that afterwards art was so frequently tainted with this canker of corruption that it was only in the earlier work we could find with certainty absolute health. Up to a definite point the tree was healthy; above it disease began; side by side with life there appeared death. Think how different were the three temperaments which saw this clearly. I may say plainly of myself, that I was a steady and even enthusiastic worker, trained by the long course of early difficulties and opposition of which I have told the story, and determined to find the right path for my art. Rossetti, with his spirit alike subtle and fiery, was essentially a proselytizer, sometimes to an almost absurd degree, but possessed, alike in his poetry and painting, with an appreciation of beauty of the most intense quality. Millais, again, stood in some respects midway between us, showing a rare combination of extraordinary artistic faculty with an amount of sterling English common sense. And, moreover, he was in these early days, beyond almost any one with whom I have been acquainted, full of a generous, quick enthusiasm; a spirit on fire with eagerness to seize whatever he saw to be good, which shone out in every line of his face, and made it, as Rossetti once said, look sometimes like the face of an angel. All of us had our qualities, though it does not come within the scope of this paper to analyze them fully. They were such as rather helped than embarrassed us in working together.

"Pre-Raphaelite" was adopted, after some discussion, as a distinctive prefix,

* This studio was at 7 Gower Street. Millais was in his father's house at 87 in the same street.

though the word had first been used as a term of contempt by our enemies. And as we bound ourselves together, the word "Brotherhood" was suggested by Rossetti as preferable to clique or association. It was in a little spirit of fun that we thus agreed that Raphael, the prince of painters, was the inspiring influence of the art of the day; for we saw that the practice of contemporary painters was as different from that of the master whose example they quoted, as established interest or indifference had ever made the conduct of disciples. It was instinctive prudence, however, which suggested to us that we should use the letters P.R.B., unexplained, on our pictures (after the signature) as the one mark of our union.

The first work that we agreed to do after this was a series of designs for Keats's "Isabella." These were to be executed entirely on our new principles, and subsequently etched for publication. Millais chose as his subject the household of Lorenzo's brothers at meals. Rossetti at first made excuses for procrastination. I did one of Lorenzo at his desk in the warehouse, in order that thus (with Millais's design) the lover's position in the house should be made clear to the spectator from the outset. Though Millais had much oil work on hand which had to be finished in the old style, he was impatient to begin in the new manner, and he announced his determination to paint his design. But his old work still hung about, until we were almost doubtful of the time before the sending-in day being sufficient for the task, when suddenly, about November, the whole atmosphere of his studio was changed, and the new white canvas was installed on the easel. Day by day advanced, at a pace beyond all calculation, the picture now known to the whole of England,* which I venture to say is the most wonderful painting that any youth still under twenty years of age ever did in the world.

In my studio Rossetti's plan of work promised to do all that was desired. The picture was "The Education of Mary Virgin," and he had advanced it considerably, but, from his unchecked impatience at difficulties, the interruptions to our work, to mine as much as to his, were so serious that once I had to go out walking with him to argue that, without more self-restraint on his part, we should certainly lose our chances of appearing in the same

season, in a band with Millais. He took this remonstrance in the best part, and applied himself with new patience to his work, which ultimately possessed in the important parts the most exquisite beauty and grace; he exhibited it subsequently in a gallery in Portland Place. Millais's picture was seen with wonder when finished, and he sold it before his "show" day. My "private view" was without any visitors, but the picture was delivered by myself in the evening, still wet, at the Academy. Before we were admitted to varnish our pictures we learned that they had been hung as pendants to one another in fair places just above the line, and in the *Times* I remember the notice of the exhibition began with two columns of comment upon our pictures as the remarkable feature of the collection. The fact itself was an unexpectedly gratifying testimony to the impression the works had made. On going to the Academy at seven in the morning (to get the longest opportunity, if necessary, for work before the public were admitted at twelve), we were received by many of the members with cordial compliments — some introducing themselves to me for this purpose — but there was an opposing spirit of indignation expressing itself loudly by some artists. The day went by without inquiry from any one of the price of my "Rienzi." Rossetti had already gained great honor by his sweet picture, and had sold it. I asked £100 for mine, and had great need of the money, for my store was well-nigh exhausted. With the little remaining, however, I began "The Christian Missionary" picture, and became part proprietor and co-operator as illustrator of the *Germ*, which was started soon after this without stock of either matter or capital — of nothing but faith, in short. As weeks and months went by, the indignation of our opponents became fiercer, and made itself heard through the press. By the end of July I had well-nigh come to my last penny, some work that I had been commissioned to do, and on which I had spent time and money, coming to nothing from the change of feeling about our school. The picture from the Academy came back to my dreary studio, and I was at my wits' end to know what else to do, when Mr. Egg called without formal introduction, saying that he had felt the greatest interest in the picture, and he wished to know whether it was sold. On a repetition of his visit, he said that a friend of his — an invalid — had been extremely disappointed not to have seen it in the

* "Lorenzo and Isabella," now being exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery.

Exhibition, and he asked me to send it to his house that he might show it to his friend, who was going to call upon him in two days. In the evening, knowing that my landlord had his eye upon the picture as the best guarantee for the quarter's rent, then due, I took it out quietly myself, and so delivered it at Bayswater. In the morning the landlord threatened me with an execution, and I had to give up to him my few articles of furniture, books, and sketches, and go back to my father's house; he received me very kindly. My vacation was not a cheering one, but in two days a note came from Egg asking me to call. I went, and he was not in; but on calling the second time, the servant asked my name, and produced a letter which told me that the friend was Mr. Gibbons, the well-known collector, and that he had bought the picture, generously making the cheque for £5 extra to pay for the frame.* When I presented the cheque I asked for some one in authority, and requested to be allowed to leave the money on account, and have a cheque-book, which was granted, as great testimony to my apparent trustworthiness, and I went with grand air and paid off the landlord, who was persuaded that I had been shamming poverty. I then departed to the Lea marshes for a month, and painted the background and foreground of my "Missionary" picture, finding a model there also for the hut and its appendages. I had no studio, and thus, because I was very fagged with my long, hard, and anxious work, it seemed a good opportunity to go to Paris for a holiday with Rossetti, as we had long planned. We came back with greater food for reflection, but without change of purpose. Ary Scheffer was a god whom we could not adore. De la Croix was to me only a very far removed old master of poor capacity; even De la Roche's "Hemicycle" seemed fast gyrating round simple truth to get at the opposite extreme of Academical precision. On my return I took a studio with southern aspect, to gain sunlight for my picture, and at this I worked solely and steadily throughout the winter and spring, until the sending-in day came round again, with one or two points in my complicated groups scarcely completed.

In the mean time, Millais had painted his "Christ in the Home of his Parents,"

* The purchase of this picture was an act of generosity, for the gentleman never valued the work, but hid it away in a closet, and at his death, the family sold it alone.

and my picture was again hung as a pendant to his. While we had been quietly working the hostile feeling against us had shown itself to be wilder and more extended. A newspaper had in its gossiping column revealed the meaning of P.R.B., which had been disclosed, through the weakness of Rossetti, to a rank gossip, and far and near it seemed as if the honor of Raphael was the feeling dearest of all to the bosom of England, and that this we had impiously assailed. The leading journals denounced our work as iniquitous and infamous, and, to make our enormity more shameful in extra artistic circles, the great Charles Dickens wrote a leading article against Millais's picture in *Household Words*. This was an attack upon the whole of us, and though my picture was not mentioned, for the prejudice excited was more practically damaging to me, since Millais had sold his work, while mine had still the duty to perform of tempting one hundred and fifty guineas out of the pockets of some admirer or approver, before I could go on with a new work. Sometimes I went to the Exhibition stealthily, hoping to hear some opinion expressed, but as soon as the public arrived at my picture they invariably said, "Oh, this is one of those preposterous pre-Raphaelite works," and went on to the next without looking again upon the canvas. One fellow-student, some years my senior, told me that he regretted to see me mixed up with this charlatanism; that he perfectly understood that our object was to attract great attention to ourselves by our extravagant work; and that when we had succeeded in making ourselves notorious (which, being undeniably clever fellows, we should soon do), we should paint pictures of real merit. I thereupon wickedly said that he had divined our purpose, and besought him to respect the secret, at which he led me to his contribution for the year, telling me that, through the course we had taken, his work, being of modest aspect — and it was this — was entirely overlooked. One gain my picture brought was a note from Mr. Dyce, asking me to call upon him; when I went, he welcomed me with recognition as the student in the life school whose drawings he had noticed, and he congratulated me greatly on "The Christian Missionary." His proposition was — since he had learned that I had not sold my picture — that I should make a copy for him, about sixteen by twelve inches, of his picture, then in the Royal Academy, of "Jacob and Rachel." The work had

to be undertaken between six and eight in the morning; the price to be paid was £15, which I gladly agreed to. And so forthwith I set myself to this task; but the porters were not up when I arrived, and I was left ringing at the bell sometimes for more than half an hour, with no remedy, because the keeper and Mr. Dyce had had a quarrel about the plan, and the latter had forced Mr. Jones's hand to get me admittance at all. Usually, when I had been working an hour, there was the signal for clearing out made, and I had to continue my painting on a staircase throughout the day, going from time to time to the picture to collect further facts. The money was already bespoken for pressing debts, and I was driven to my wits' end to know what to do to escape from my hopeless prospect. There was the post of draughtsman to the Mosul expedition under Layard inviting applicants. I wanted still to continue the fight in England, but without money how could I get a picture ready for next year? My two companions were using the summer profitably; I was losing mine. Perhaps it would be better at once to go to the East, as I had already intended to do some day. I should have some leisure from the drudgery of servile draughtsmanship, and I would paint some subjects which might be executed there more truly than elsewhere. The gift was in the hands of Sir R. Westmacott, who had been kind to me in giving letters for studentship, and I applied to him, but the appointment had been made the previous day. Thrown thus again on my narrower fate, I had to trust to one other chance. When the "Rienzi" first appeared, one of the artists who complimented me most told me that he could not afford £100, or he would buy the picture at once, but he should be glad if I would some day paint him a picture of one or two figures (something like a picture of Hook's there was in that Exhibition) from Shakespeare or Tennyson. At my leisure I was to do a design for the commission, and let him see it. I had not liked to remind him of this and to ask for an advance; but at last I resolved upon doing so, for it seemed my only chance of being able to work. Among the subjects which I was eager to paint, should my patron be satisfied, three presented themselves as most suitable — one of "The Lady of Shalot," with the web breaking about her; one of "Claudio and Isabella;" and the last, an idea of which I have never yet made use. I worked at these designs almost unceas-

ingly for some few days, and at last, pressed by impatience to see the result, and to hear my encouraging superior's approval, as well as to get the means to pay pressing small debts, I sat up all night to complete the drawings, refreshing myself at daylight with a swim in the Thames, and walking to my friend's house in time to catch him as he rose from breakfast. I had not then seen him for many months. When I apologized, with an explanation of reasons, for my delay in having the designs ready for submission to him, and announced that I had at last brought them, to my surprise he declared that he had never proposed anything of the kind, and that he disliked my work too much ever to have thought of such a request, but as I had the drawings with me he would look at them. I was but little disposed to show these, but did so at last, to escape any suspicion of resentment. Abruptly, as before, he declared that, had he ever intended it, the sight of my designs, with their hideous affectation, would have cured him of the desire to possess any work of mine. I record this, acknowledging that the man at bottom was not bad-hearted. He had got warped by general prejudice, so that he could scarcely see what he was doing. I went away, and stayed in the street for a few minutes, too giddy and bewildered to decide upon my course. My good friend Egg lived near. Had he also gone over to our enemies? It would be well, I thought, to see him. I found him still at the breakfast-table. I told him my tale, and I said that it was no affectation for me to declare that for me to judge of the designs I had with me was impossible; that I was tired and disheartened for the time; that perhaps the inventions I had been busy upon lacked the spirit which my reading of the author's meaning had made me desire to give them. Would he therefore tell me quite candidly his exact opinion? I should trust to him to do this. He had been more critical recently, but I had the best reason to believe in his sincerity. His qualifications otherwise were balanced thus in my mind. He was a pictorial dramatist of true power, and he was a keen reader and renderer of human expression to the very realm of poetic inspiration, if not of imaginative interpretation. He was, too, of eminently temperate judgment. He turned the drawings over silently as to words, but humming ambiguously, and broke silence by asking questions about the designs from Tennyson and the Shakespeare subject, which

showed what in them struck him most. He said finally to the "Claudio and Isabella," "And DID — say that he had never given you a commission? And DID he say that these designs were hideous and affected? DID you offer to paint any of these for fifty pounds?" And then he added, "I think them admirable;" and, with the "Claudio and Isabella" prison scene in hand, he emphatically proceeded, "This delights me. Well, I have been thinking that you must be very hard up — you have not sold your picture, and I suppose you've not got any paying work in hand. I can't afford fifty guineas, but will you do a small picture of a single figure for twenty-five guineas? Think of a subject, and let me see the design; and in the mean time I will write you a cheque for a few pounds." My reply was, "I am always losing my summer. If I don't get to work now, other hindrances will come, and next year I shall not put in an appearance, and thus there will be permanent defeat. I have a panel at home, well seasoned, of right proportions; you like the 'Claudio and Isabella'; let me begin the picture for your commission." He objected that it was far too much in work, but added, "I wish to see it in hand. Take my money on account for a future picture, and commence the 'Claudio and Isabella' at once; we will settle about its ownership afterwards, and you shall do the little picture when it's convenient.

I was rejoiced to commence the picture. Before putting it on the panel, which was from a superannuated coach, and prepared by myself, I considered my opportunities. I gained permission to paint the inside of the prison from the Lollard prison at Lambeth Palace, and there I went for a few days, very much outdone in smartness by a man whom I had engaged for two shillings to carry some of my traps, so that he was taken for the master and I the servant. Several important parts I did there; the lute I hung up in the little window recess to get the true light upon it, and I made my assistant stand to make sure of the true tones. At home I advanced the work sufficiently to make a well-established beginning.

About this time my "Christian Missionary" came back unsold and uninquied for. It is in the gallery now, to be seen with the others, in perfect preservation, though it left my hand thirty-six years ago. I can look at it now dispassionately, as though the young man who did it had been some other. I can see its

shortcomings and its faults; some the young man saw himself without having time and means to correct them; and I can see its merits, and I can see them more clearly than the youthful workman could when he was as then tired with his night-and-day devotion to expressing his meaning; tired, although the labor was the fascination of his life, and dispirited when the world gave him not one word of encouragement or commendation. And I wonder at the little originality of taste there was among our fathers and mothers when it was offered to them, and they, dealers and rich men of taste, turned away from it with contempt.* When I was arranging to send it to some provincial exhibition, Millais wrote from Oxford, where he was with Charley Collins, telling me that the lady and gentleman with whom they were staying had liked my picture in the exhibition, and that he believed if I sent it they would buy it. And so it went to Oxford, and a check from Mr. Combe came back in its place. This put me on my (financial) legs again, and I determined to paint a new picture for the next year's Exhibition, although it was already late in the autumn to begin the background of the design, which I most cared for. But I felt that, if possible, I should appear with an important work next May, lest the enemy should triumph over our cause, as far as I could represent it, as having permanently defeated us, and I determined to attempt the subject I have mentioned — one from "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

I went at once to Sevenoaks with Rossetti, who wished to paint a sylvan background to one of the many fine designs which at this time he did not bring to a conclusion as oil pictures. A month's pleasant and busy stay enabled us to return to town. Then the work of drawing from models and collecting materials had to be promptly undertaken. Mr. Frith, R.A., kindly lent me a suit of armor, which the servant at my lodgings announced as a tin suit of clothes. James Hannay, (the present magistrate) sat for the head of Valentine, and a young barrister, already well known among journalists, and since greatly distinguished as a Cabinet minister at the antipodes, was good enough to let me paint the Proteus from his posing. At the last the completion of the picture was imperilled by unexpected events, so that I scarcely completed it on the day

* This picture, with the "Claudio and Isabella," is now in the Fine Art Society's Rooms, 148 New Bond Street.

fixed by the Academy. This year I had a less good place in the Exhibition than before, and I should say that all of our works suffered greatly by the absence of support for their key of color and effect. The treatment by the press was more fierce than before. Our strongest enemy advised that the Academy, having shown our works so far, to prove how atrocious they were, could now, with the approval of the public, depart from their usual rule of leaving each picture on the walls until the end of the season, and take ours down and return them to us. In the schools (as we were told) a professor referred to our works in such terms that the wavering students resorted to the very extreme course of hissing us. The critic before mentioned, finding the pictures still left

on the walls, then wrote that, although the Academy was dead to the feeling of self-respect which should prompt the council to act on his advice, there was cause for congratulation in the thought that no gentleman of taste who valued his reputation would purchase such pictures; and, as far as I was concerned, so it seemed, since the post never brought me letters without their containing anonymous insults. There was, indeed, only one paper in London which did not join in the general cry; this was the *Spectator*, the editor of which from the first permitted William Rossetti (the brother of the painter) to defend our cause in his journal. With this exception, the public condemnation of our principle of work was universal, and at this time our cause seemed hopeless.

WILLIAM HOLMAN HUNT.

AN EGYPTIAN CITY OF THE DEAD. — M. Maspero, the conservator of the Museum of Boulaq, has just sent an interesting account of some recent archaeological discoveries he has lately made at Akhmim. The following is his account of the hidden life so strangely revealed in these lonely hills above the Nile. Never did a cemetery deserve the name of necropolis better than this of Akhmim; it is really a town, whose inhabitants are counted by thousands, each day adding to their numbers, without any sign of nearing the end after the labors of fifteen months. I have explored the hill over an extent of at least two miles in length, and everywhere I have found it covered with human remains. Not only is it intersected with pits and chambers, but all the natural fissures have been utilized to deposit corpses there. These pits are from forty-five to sixty feet deep, and have several floors, containing from eight to ten small chambers piled one above the other, to admit a dozen coffins. The first impression was that these were family vaults; but the titles and genealogies inscribed on the lids indicate almost as many different families as there are mummies, and the successive generations of the same race are disseminated over different quarters. The grottoes, in particular, have the appearance of common burial-grounds. The simple mummies, swathed but not confined, are piled up in layers on the ground, like stacks of wood in a timber yard. Above these the cardboard mummies have been heaped up to the ceiling — all the objects belonging to them, such as stools, pillows, shoes, perfume-boxes, eye-salve vases, etc., are thrown pellmell in the thickness of the layers; and, to lose none of the space, the last coffins were thrust in between the ceiling and the accumulated mass, without any regard to their being damaged or not. The first mummies discovered were those of the Greek epoch, and

I thought, in consequence, that the entire necropolis belonged to the period of the Lower Empire. But as the explorations continued, we encountered more and more ancient tombs; one of the sixth dynasty, several of the eighteenth, and even of the reign of the heretic kings. These latter had been violated from ancient times, and presented the appearance of a charnel-house. The inhabitants of Akhmim, like those of Thebes, made no scruple of dispossessing the mummies, and the extinct families, to gain possession of their tombs. Most of the chambers must have changed masters ten times before receiving their present occupants. To sum up, this was a cemetery of small people (lower classes), well-to-do citizens, priests of an inferior rank, and tradesmen. The heaping up of the bodies, and the small care with which these were treated, would not be easily explained, were it not that contemporary documents furnished us with the most precise information as to the manner in which the preservation and worship of the dead were regulated. Only the rich had the privilege of occupying a separate chamber, and of ensuring, by pious foundations, the prayers of a special priest; people of fortune, and belonging to the middle classes, intrusted the mummies of their defunct relatives to undertakers or contractors affiliated with the clergy, who stored the bodies in their premises, and for the payment of an annual rent, or a lump sum, undertook to look after their preservation, and celebrate the canonical ceremonies on the days appointed by the ecclesiastical law. . . . Even the animals had their hypogea, mixed with those of human beings; here are hawks in hundreds in wooden boxes; there we find jackals piled up in holes. The truth is, Egypt is far from being exhausted; its soil contains enough to occupy twenty generations of workers, and what has come to light is as nothing.